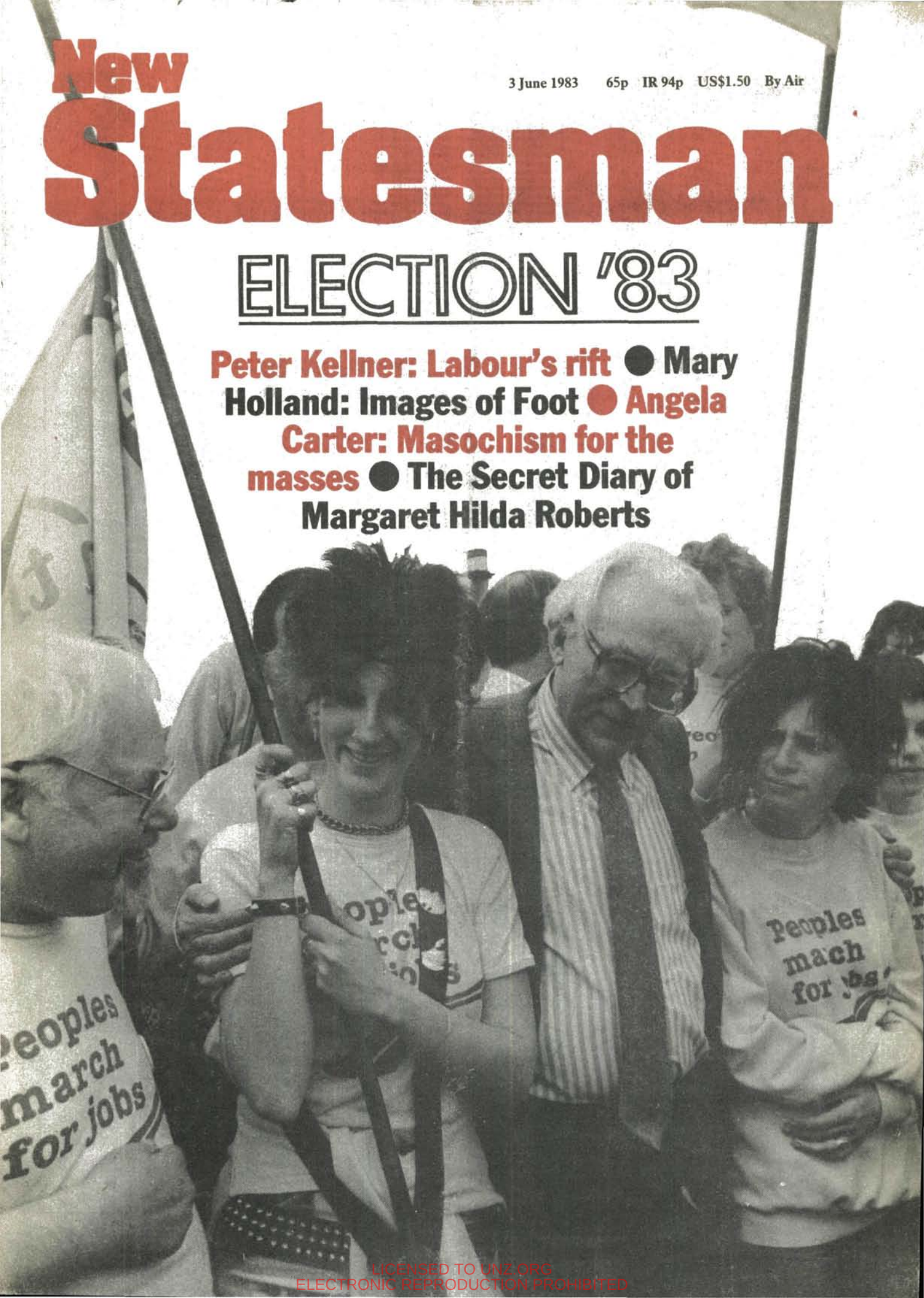
3 June 1983 65p IR 94p US$1.50 By Air

New Statesman

ELECTION '83

Peter Kellner: Labour's rift ● Mary Holland: Images of Foot ● Angela Carter: Masochism for the masses ● The Secret Diary of Margaret Hilda Roberts



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001
Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1983 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Subscriptions: Lesley Bridgmount, Cecilia Papadopoulos
Circulation: Liz Cooper, Tim Freeman
Display advertisements: Michael Roberts 01-253 2001
Classified advertisements: Laura Berryman, Stephen Mitchell 01-251 5487

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £29, Overseas £32

Air mail:
Europe £36, Middle East £39, Africa, India, South America £40, Australasia, Far East £45, USA $79, Canada $92

Unsolicited manuscripts will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

Cover photo: Stefano Cagnoni (IFL)

Too much unity?
Peter Kellner analyses Labour's internal differences p.7

Masochism for the masses
Angela Carter ponders on the Thatcher phenomenon p.8

Ralph Steadman p.9

Leader writing
Mary Holland reviews Michael Foot's press coverage p.10

Going on a cruise
Peter Pringle on the 'dual key' deception p.16

On the map
John Lucas warmly commends the poetry of Elizabeth Bishop and Christopher Middleton p.22

Monstrous
John Coleman is not enchanted by 'The Return of the Jedi' p.27

News: Thatcher lies about Belgrano; women against pornography; SDP and Libs fall out; black people and the election; bank governor's family squabble; energy conservation; airport for docklands; Morning Star under fire pp.4-6
This England p.10
Michael Stewart: Keynes's centenary p.12
Diary: Sue Townsend p.14
Roger Woddis p.14
Caroline Atkinson: Williamsburg p.15
Barry Cohen: Melina Mercouri p.16
Bretécher p.18
Letters p.19
William Scammell: Poem p.23
Paul Binding: Germany and WWII p.23
Terence Hawkes: Literary theory p.24
Marion Glastonbury: Fiction p.25
Shorter Reviews p.26
Mary Harron: Rock music p.28
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre p.28
Andrew Clements: Music p.29
Hugo Williams: Television p.30
Weekend Competition p.31
Bill Greenwell: First person p.31
Salamanca crossword p.32
Listings p.35

Caution: this may be around the corner

New Socialist
The Tories will take care of you
Marvyn Jones and Andrew Gamble on what fate may have in store
A route out of the ruins
Batting on a red wicket
The dilemma of French socialism
Songs and lyrics of the Left

Out now -
Britain's top selling radical magazine - 60p at main newsagents and radical bookstores

Published by the Labour Party
Subscription details: tel 01-703 5298

FOR SALE

POSTER OF MAGGIE REGINA

(approx 20" × 30") £1.95 UK (p&p inc) or £2.70 Abroad
Please send your cheque to *Tim Freeman, NEW STATESMAN, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.*

Property of AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED JUL 19 Ambassador College Library

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman Vol 105 No 2724 3 June 1983

She must be stopped

WE HAVE HAD considerable reaction, much of it hostile, to our proposal last week that in certain key constituencies the time had come out of desperation to support the idea of tactical voting in order to defeat the Tory candidate. For the record (since others have used that leading article for their own purposes) we were not endorsing the Liberal-SDP Alliance, or its programme. The *New Statesman* has been and remains highly critical of the false prospectus held out to the electorate by the Alliance.

The argument was much more stark. It was that the re-election of Mrs Thatcher for a second term with a thumping majority would be a national catastrophe. The evidence of where Thatcherism Mark II would go has been carefully sanitised from the Conservative manifesto for obvious reasons. But there is now enough by way of direct and indirect evidence to be clear that Thatcherism Mark I has been but a gentle and civilised prelude to what would come if she had a clear run at the next five years. Since she became intoxicated by draughts of ersatz Churchillianism while playing the role of the great war leader during the Falklands campaign, what were previously just ideological prejudices have become a messianic conviction.

At times during this election campaign she has entirely lost touch with reality. Take two examples – one domestic, one foreign. On BBC *Nationwide* on 24 May she was asked an entirely predictable question about her approval of Victorian values. During her reply she said: 'It was a time when you had great self-reliance, you lived within your income . . .' Mrs Thatcher is not a stupid, or an ill-educated woman. If she thought for a moment, she would accept that all social (and for that matter literary) studies underline the dominant place of debt, pauperism and personal bankruptcy in pre-welfare state Britain. It was the century of the poor house and the debtors' prison. In thus deliberately re-writing history, therefore, Mrs Thatcher is making a conscious attack on the philosophy and practice of the welfare state.

Then on BBC *Panorama* on Tuesday, asked whether she would be prepared unilaterally to press the British nuclear button, she answered with a ringing and an unequivocal 'yes' – 'because I cannot in the end rely upon not being threatened separately. After all, we had to stand alone last time. . . Surrender or capitulation for Britain? Never!' Were it not deadly serious, such posturing in 1983 would be ludicrous. First, it is impossible to imagine a scenario in which the Soviet Union would attack the United Kingdom alone. For a start West Germany, France, Belgium and the Netherlands come in between. Second, as Mrs Thatcher knows perfectly well, in the hypothetical event of hostilities between the Warsaw Pact and *any* NATO member, the operational control of the British deterrent is in the hands of NATO with its American supreme commander. Even in peace time, its targetting is co-ordinated by the Americans through NATO.

The problem, though, faced by those who are clear that Mrs Thatcher is now touched by a farcical meglomania is that during the campaign so far there has been no evidence that any of this was damaging her chances on 9 June. To judge the general mood of the electorate during the first two weeks of the campaign, it was one of apathetic acceptance of the inevitable. No recent general election had produced so little public reaction. Mrs Thatcher's government may have failed by every test of its own 1979 manifesto; but for good reasons and for bad the opposition parties were failing to generate enthusiasm or persuade the uncommitted that they offered a credible alternative. Mrs Thatcher seemed to be heading towards a second term against a background of cowed apathy.

IN THE LAST week the situation has improved slightly. But it remains the case that the chances of an overall Labour victory are effectively zero. Nothing is to be gained by whistling other tunes in the dark. Given the constituency boundary changes a Labour landslide equivalent to 1945 would be required. It is not going to happen within the next week.

What does now look possible is a hung, or nearly hung parliament, which would deny Mrs Thatcher the resounding mandate she is seeking. If what was coming in a second Thatcher term was a continuation of a standard Toryism – or even (so help us) a flat continuation of what we have had since 1979 – the long-term arguments of political punity would prevail. The case for Labour going into the wilderness again to rediscover its socialism would be strong. But in fact what is to come will be qualitatively different.

First, Mrs Thatcher has made it clear that her neanderthal economic policies are going to be continued not just in order to bring down inflation, but as an end in themselves. While her government claims responsibility for protecting the savings of the *rentier*, she specifically disclaims responsibility for unemployment and the country's industrial base. Second, the welfare state will be progressively dismantled. Mr Fowler's now notorious document on the NHS is being dismissed as just a 'discussion document' (as have the embarrassingly leaked documents of the ministerial Family Policy Group). But they give the clearest possible indication of the direction in which Thatcherite post-election policy would wish to go.

Equally clear is the damage that a second Thatcher government intends to inflict on the structure of civil liberty in this country. The reintroduction of the Police Bill is a proud part of the Tory programme. Mrs Thatcher has made no secret of her long support for a re-introduction of the death penalty. A House of Commons that reflected a Tory landslide might very well give it to her.

Given this picture, it remains our position that in those places where the Labour candidate has no hope of beating a Tory opponent the *absolute* priority is to mobilise the effective anti-Thatcher vote next Thursday. □

NEXT WEEK

Because of the general election the *NS* will be distributed and on sale 24 hours early throughout the UK. It will include contributions from

★ Keith Middlemas ★ Fay Weldon ★ Ralph Steadman ★ Peter Kellner ★ Mary Holland ★ Duncan Campbell

To be sure of a copy, place an early order with your newsagent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PM lies about Belgrano

MRS THATCHER has been caught out lying about the sinking of the *General Belgrano*. On BBC 1's *Nationwide* programme last week she insisted that the *Belgrano* was *not* sailing away from the Falklands when it was sunk on 2 May last year. Her government has already admitted in Parliament that the *Belgrano* was not only outside the 200-mile 'total exclusion zone' but was sailing away from the Falklands when it was torpedoed on direct government orders.

Mrs Thatcher's *Nationwide* questioner, Diana Gould, pressed the Prime Minister to admit that the *Belgrano* was sailing away. Mrs Thatcher refused, repeating several times that the *Belgrano* 'was a danger to our ships', and tried to deflect further factual questions with the emotive statement: 'My duty was to look after our troops, our ships, our navy. And, my goodness me, I lived with many, many anxious days and nights.'

Not deflected, Mrs Gould suggested that the real reason for the sinking was to sabotage the Peruvian peace plan. Mrs Thatcher's answer was: 'One day all of the facts, in about 30 years' time, will be published . . .' and then she said that the Peruvian proposals did not reach London until after the attack on the *Belgrano*.

This version of events has also been given by Francis Pym, replying on 20 May to a similar allegation made by Paul Foot in the *Daily Mirror* the day before.

He said that US Secretary of State Alexander Haig had on 2 May outlined the Peruvian plan which was 'at best a promising basis for further work', but that it was 'not very different' from the package which the Argentines had rejected two days before. This ignores the fact that the Task Force had, on the intervening day, launched an air attack on the Falklands which frightened the junta considerably.

The fact that Galtieri and his junta were now eager for settlement was known to the Peruvian president, Belaunde Terry, and it was known to Haig. It is inconceivable that it was not also known to Pym, who had a two-hour meeting with Haig that morning.

On the afternoon of 2 May, Belaunde held a press conference to announce the imminent signing of a peace agreement between Britain and Argentina. He said that Haig had hinted that some of his contribution to the proposals had derived from 'conversations with the British Minister'.

Meanwhile, the Tory press is rallying to Mrs Thatcher's aid. The *Daily Express* wasted no time in catching Mrs Gould as she left the BBC studio to ask her to which political party she belonged (the answer is none).

And the *Daily Telegraph*, the day before Mrs Thatcher's discomfiture on TV, printed an extraordinary story under the headline 'New Light on Belgrano Sinking', which asserted that 'at least three ships of the Task Force were sailing into the area being patrolled by the *Belgrano*.' The article goes on: 'Although the *Belgrano* was steaming towards Tierra del Fuego when she was torpedoed . . . the cruiser was sunk approximately 180 miles from the position where, two days later, the *Sheffield* was hit by an air-launched Exocet missile.' So, according to the *Telegraph*, the *Belgrano* was so close to the Task Force that it had got within 180 miles of where the *Sheffield* was going to be two days later.

John Rentoul

Pam Isherwood

Pivaw to porn

London's seamy sex-centre was invaded on Saturday night when up to 1,000 women marched through Soho from several gathering places. It was the last day of the fortnight of action called by the organisation 'PIVAW' – Porn is Violence Against Women. Small groups of women have been giving out leaflets and demonstrating outside video shops, sex shops and porn shops in various towns in England, arguing that pornography leads directly to rape and sexual abuse of women by making it seem acceptable.

Untied Alliance

WHILE the mould breakers of British politics have joined hands with the Liberals almost everywhere for the election, the two parties have failed to achieve a *rapprochement* in three key seats.

Ron Brown, Labour MP in Hackney South for 18 years until his defection to the SDP in 1981, fights an enlarged seat for the Alliance against rebel Liberal, Jeff Roberts, a local councillor who fought the seat in 1979. In Liverpool's new Broad Green constituency the official Alliance candidate, Dick Crawshaw SDP, ex-Labour MP for neighbouring Toxteth, faces the locally endorsed Liberal Richard Pine. Similarly, in Hammersmith North, Michael Stark SDP, representing the Alliance, must contend with Liberal Simon Knott, who has been holding the balance of power on the local council for the last few years.

ELECTION '83

In all three cases the majority of local Liberals are totally at odds with their party leadership which has publically endorsed the 'SDP/Liberal Alliance' candidate. However, by putting up candidates which have not been endorsed, no Liberal Party constitution rules have been broken.

This is not, however, the end of the story as far as local Liberals in the three constituencies are concerned. Mr Roberts of Hackney said this week that 'those seats are ones over which the Liberals nationally will go to the stake.' He refuses to accept that the Alliance candidate has been endorsed by the Liberal leadership.

In Liverpool, many Liberals say that the SDP's Dick Crawshaw changed his constituency and his party (Labour) to avoid the prospect of deselection. He has been foisted on them by national Alliance leaders, they say, who have misread the feelings of voters.

Bill Parker

Black advice

Britain's Afro Caribbean press has taken a very low-key approach to the general election.

So far, only the combative *Caribbean Times* has advised its readers how to vote – and then with caution. In the two issues published since the calling of the election, *Caribbean Times* has advised its

ELECTION '83

readers: 'The vote is yours to do what you like with, but don't forget that used wisely it can bear results which will affect you and your children.'

The only black candidate it has so far endorsed is Roy Sawh, who is standing in Brent South against Laurie Pavitt. Sawh, standing as the 'ethnic minority candidate' is also office manager of Hansib Publications, *Caribbean Times*' publishers.

What is quite clear, however, is that the paper wants no truck with the Tories. A full page ad. from the Tories was rejected last week with a blaze of publicity, and it has listed a number of Tory 'ills'. In last week's issue, the *Caribbean Times* called on its readers to vote Labour.

West Indian World, the oldest of the black newspapers, has also called on its readers to use their votes. But, unlike the *Caribbean Times*, it has advised them to vote tactically in marginal seats, preferably for black candidates – of whatever party.

The *Voice*, the weekly London paper, has down-played the whole of its election coverage. In the issue of 21 May, the *Voice* told its readers: 'The importance of having a black person, regardless of political affinity, to speak for the black community in Parliament has been recognised for a long time . . . If one black face sits among hundreds of whites in Westminster it will not be tokenism – it will herald a new era of hope and the dawn of political change.'

In last week's issue the *Voice* took the Labour Party to task for its alleged complacency over the black vote. But, like the *World*, it has called on its readers to vote, but has not advised them how. Traditionally a higher proportion of Afro-Caribbean people have voted Labour than have either Asians or the white working class. But disillusion with the political process, as well as the emphasis on having black people to represent the specific interests of the black community have created fears in the Labour Party that many black people will choose not to vote at all. Overall, the black papers are with the Labour Party – but not enthusiastically so.

Hal Austin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thatcher's banker breaches family trust

THE NEW governor of the Bank of England, Robin Leigh-Pemberton, is involved in an embarrassing family dispute which could lead to the asset stripping of one of Britain's great country houses.

Burghley House is the 240-room Elizabethan seat of the Cecil family, near Stamford. It oozes art treasures, with paintings by (among others) Breugel, Gainsborough, Poussin, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Eyck and Vermeer – and a garden by Capability Brown.

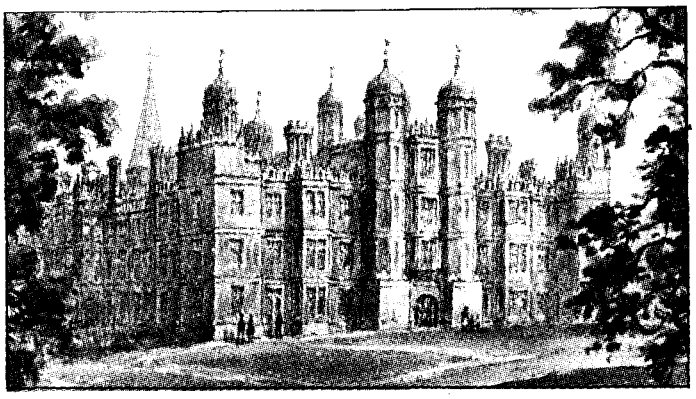
The house is kept going by the Burghley House Estate Trust, and one of the three trustees is Leigh-Pemberton. This causes a conflict of interest for the new governor, who takes up his new job on 1 July, because Leigh-Pemberton's family has inherited assets which were earmarked for the upkeep of Burghley House.

The dispute nicely illustrates the conflict between the older landed Tories and the new Thatcherites, like Leigh-Pemberton. The roots of the dispute go back to the death of David Cecil, the sixth Marquess of Exeter, in November 1981. Cecil left farm assets, valued at £2 million, out of his £7 million estate on the understanding (as a tax dodge) that it would go to the Burghley House Estate Trust on his wife's death. This understanding was well known to the immediate members of his family but it is laid out clearly in the 'wishes' which he appended to his will.

(The immediate heir, Cecil's younger brother, Martin, who is now the 7th Marquess, was not involved in this deal. He is head of a Canadian religious sect called the Emissaries of Divine Light.)

However Cecil's wife, the Marchioness of Exeter, died in June last year, before she had time to change her will in accordance with her husband's wishes. Thus her whole estate, including the £2 million earmarked for Burghley House, was to be divided among the families of her offspring, including her daughter Rose, who is married to Leigh-Pemberton. This will gives a hefty share of the estate to three of Leigh-Pemberton's sons.

Most of the disputed £2 million consists of agricultural assets, in the form of cattle, corn and farm machinery. It was valued at £1 million when probate was given on the will last week, but probate valuations are often low and it would cost an estimated £2 million to replace. In his will Cecil intended these assets to be a form of capital endowment for Burghley House, so that the revenue from them would maintain the house.



Burghley House, scene of the bank governor's little difficulty

Leigh-Pemberton himself is not short of a bob or two. He has acquired a substantial personal fortune (including an estate valued at £4 million) since the days when his father-in-law first aided his advancement in the City.

Cecil's three daughters from his first marriage are taking legal advice to see whether their father's 'wishes' can be enforced by the courts – although they are making no claim on the estate themselves. Quite how Leigh-Pemberton will resolve this conflict of interest remains to be seen. At the end of last year he denied that the dispute could end up in the courts and told the *Daily Mail*: 'That is extremely unfair to the late Marchioness. The will is perfectly clear and nothing needs sorting out.' And last week's *Tatler* said that there had been an amicable solution to the dispute. However, the *New Statesman* understands that the trustees of the Burghley House Estate Trust and the beneficiaries of the will are meeting to discuss the tangle on 16 June.

Mick Hamer

MISCELLANY

Royal command

It seems that the resolute approach pays off with the BBC as well as the electorate. The Beeb's flagship current affairs programme, *Panorama*, had planned its typical 'balanced' election coverage – Woy first on 23 May, Margaret Regina this week and the leader of the people's party on 6 June. All the interviews were to take place in the normal way at the BBC's Lime Grove studios. *Nationwide* was also following the even-handed line; but in its studios on 24 May the Prime Minister was knocked sideways when she was pressed about the sinking of the *Belgrano* – almost the only moment in the campaign when she has been on the floor. She was so furious afterwards that she refused to come to Lime Grove again for the *Panorama* interview. Her schedule, the BBC was told, was too crowded for her to fit in a journey to the studios – which are all of four miles from Downing Street. It had to be No. 10 or nothing. Did the BBC resist this blackmail? Those who tuned in on Tuesday know the inevitable answer.

Late-night horror

If you fell asleep in front of the television last week you might have woken up thinking that you had been dead to the world for a fortnight. On BBC1, after closedown

and the test card, the engineers came out to play. Over an old schools programme about architecture, they tested the machinery of their election coverage. On the bottom of the screen was flashed the message: 'Glasgow, Hillhead – LABOUR WIN.' The engineers invented some very plausible and detailed 'results'. Any SDP supporter staying up after his or her bedtime, however, would have been very disappointed as Roy Jenkins, David Owen, Bill Rodgers and Ian Wrigglesworth lost their seats in rapid succession.

Down Memory Lane

On Monday this week, the *Daily Mirror* printed an 'exclusive' front-page splash, headed 'Tories In Secret NF Probe'. The story was based on 'a confidential letter' sent by Young Conservatives' chairman Phil Pedley to other YCs, in which he expressed his alarm at 'a distinct effort by fascists to work in conjunction with the Tory racist right'. An impressive story, one might think – except that the contents of the very same 'confidential letter' were revealed in the *New Statesman* as long ago as last August. The word 'exclusive' has always covered a multitude of oddities, of course, but we can't remember a case where a story printed in one paper has been picked up by another paper *nine months later* and presented as a front-page scoop. Is this a record?

Under cover

Incidentally, lest Phil Pedley's efforts to stop fascist infiltration of the Conservative Party should lead anyone to think that he must be a decent sort, allow us to put the record straight. Two years ago he presented the Young Conservatives' executive with a document in which he proposed a clandestine counter-attack against CND. In his plan, which he had discussed with 'top-level Ministry of Defence officials', he argued that 'from a marketing point of view we would reach a much wider audience if we were not immediately identifiable as being a Conservative organisation'. Unfortunately for him, this plan was not adopted by the YCs. Even more unfortunately, it was leaked to CND's own magazine, *Sanity*.

Question time

Here is the perfect election manifesto introduction. At least, it ought to be: it is culled from four different manifestos in the current election. Which of the ten sentences are taken from which manifestos?

'We live in a period of rapid and profound change. Britain is facing the challenge of new technology, of threats to the environment, of nuclear energy, of big changes in our industry and economy, of caring for all our people. Our past is witness to [the British people's] enduring courage, honesty and flair, and to their ability to change and create. Our future will be shaped by those same qualities. But the aim is not merely economic growth for its own sake. To live fulfilled and meaningful lives we each need challenge, reward and responsibility. So let's put a stop to defeatism, and put a stop to all those sermons about Victorian values. The task we face is formidable. Of course, we know that the full work of rebuilding won't be easy. We offer a combined programme of action by this country and of action in association with other countries.'

Answers on page 6.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tory briefing fires energy critics

IN A confidential briefing to all its election candidates, the Conservative Party has made a crude attempt to rubbish some of the claims made by critics of the government's energy conservation policies. In five pages of advice, which have been obtained by the *New Statesman,* the Conservative Research Department last month told

ELECTION '83

prospective Tory MPs how to field awkward questions on energy conservation.

One of the questions concerns a recent report from the Association for the Conservation of Energy (ACE) which argued that expanding investment in energy conservation could create 155,000 new jobs, creating a £24 billion market and saving £2,800 million worth of fuel annually. The Tory briefing rejects these findings out of hand and claims that in fact, this is simply a proposal to reflate the economy, with conservation thrown in to make it seem more respectable.' It goes on to say that the ACE report is 'open to technical criticism' in that the potential for energy savings from loft insulation is 'overstated' and the costs 'understated'.

ACE, a lobby organisation sponsored by at least 15 private sector companies active in the energy conservation field, are particularly angry that these criticisms have not been put directly to them before. ACE director Andrew Warren pointed out that the report in question had been prepared by the internationally respected consultants, Environmental Resources Ltd, and said that informed critical comment on their work had been sought from the government and would be welcome. Instead they had only received a very general standard letter from the government – and then been 'rubbished behind our backs' said Mr Warren.

The briefing refers to the ACE proposal as needing 'an average grant of 75 per cent' which, it says, is 'hardly a proper use of public funds'. Warren dismisses this as a 'total distortion', insisting that they are not talking about a grant, but about investment at a good rate of return in the public and private sector. The main reason why the public sector would have to meet in the region of 75 per cent of the capital costs is simply because half of Britain's buildings are publicly owned.

In defence of the government's record the briefing quotes an International Energy Agency study complimentary of the UK's 'high level of success' in energy conservation. It does not say, however, that the Agency's study referred primarily to the period of the last Labour government.

The briefing also attempts to explain away the embarrassment caused recently by the leaking of a confidential Department of Energy report considerably more enthusiastic about the merits of investment in energy conservation than the Department's later published version. The leaked report, Tory candidates are told, has been 'seized upon by anti-nuclear pressure groups to support their case', but in fact it 'was considered within the Department to be superficial and inadequate'.

Rob Edwards

Answers to Question time, p.5

First two sentences from the Communist Party manifesto; third and fourth from the Conservatives'; fifth and sixth from the Alliance's; seventh from Labour's; eighth from the Conservatives'; ninth and tenth from Labour's.

Private planes seek take-off in dockland

OPPOSITION to another of the schemes of the London Docklands Development Corporation is ending up in another public enquiry. On 8 June, an application by construction contractors John Mowlem & Co to build a private airport in the docklands will be considered at the inquiry.

The proposed site for the airport is the Royal Group docks in Newham. It would be Britain's first Short Take-Off and Landing terminal or STOLport. STOLports were developed in Canada by the De Havilland corporation using their Dash 7 aircraft. These were welcomed for rural services. But when an urban STOLport was opened earlier this year in Toronto, for flights to Ottawa and Montreal, local people protested about the increased noise level and the hazard to people living under the flight path.

In Britain, STOLports are being looked to as a new method of domestic and international commuting. The relaxed planning regime of the LDDC has made the docklands area into an ideal site for a STOLport. While Mowlem would build the airport, the planes would be operated by Brymon Airways. The companies claim that the short take-off facility of the Dash 7 planes would minimise their effect on the people living in the area.

However, local residents are not satisfied. The area is peppered with tower blocks, some overlooking the airport. Connie Hunt, who lives just 400 yards from the proposed runway, says that the developers are 'experimenting with our lives'. She points out that in their heavily built-up area 'even one crash will be one crash too many.' Together with other local people she has formed the Campaign Against the Airport, which will be represented by Lord Gifford at the Inquiry.

There was initial support for the scheme by many local people because the LDDC said that it would boost private sector investment in the area and create 5,000 jobs. In fact, Mowlem now say that they expect only 400 new jobs will be created. Even this may be an overestimation. For most of the technical jobs, people will be brought in from outside the area, leaving only a few lower-grade jobs to be filled locally.

For many years, the future of the docklands has been hotly disputed between planners who want to enjoy a free hand in the area, and local groups who want to see plans introducing new jobs and improved housing and recreational facilities to the area. They fear that an established STOLport would obstruct further development plans for Newham.

Ian Cobain

Newham residents watch a Dash 7 after a demonstration flight

Shooting Star

A STRANGELY worded statement was published on Wednesday, 1 June, on the front page of the *Morning Star*, the daily paper of the Communist Party since it was founded as the *Daily Worker* in 1930. The statement is from the Management Committee of the People's Press Printing Society, the body which officially owns and runs the paper: 'It has been brought to the attention of the PPPS management committee that a body outside the PPPS is circulating a list of six nominations as part of a campaign to secure their election at the forthcoming AGM.'

The committee goes on to 'express its profound regret' at this action by the outside body, and to remind PPPS members (anyone who buys a £1 share) who their own approved candidates are: viz the three union officials Ken Brett (engineers), Terry Marsland (tobacco workers) and George Willoughby (SOGAT '82).

Both Mary Rosser, secretary of the PPPS, and Gordon McLennan, General Secretary of the CP, preferred not to identify this outside body. But it is in fact the Communist party, whose Executive Committee decided at its last meeting to produce a list of its own nominees for the management committee. The *Star* committee wants three trade union officials, the CP three of its own full-timers.

Up until recently, the election of PPPS committee members has been an uneventful affair, with the assured succession of those people nominated by the CP's Political Committee, on which the editor of the *Morning Star* sits.

However, CP members have always regarded the paper as being accountable to them, and radical criticisms of its content have mounted over the last decade. In 1977, CP Congress delegates forced through a resolution, against the CP leadership's recommendations, that a Commission on the *Star* should review its content as well as its circulation.

Conflict over the paper's politics has come to a head in the last nine months with a succession of official criticisms by the CP of Chater's decisions, including the appointment of Mick Costello to the paper, after he resigned 'for personal reasons' as the CP's industrial organiser. With the rupture between the *Star* and CP now public, it appears that the *Star* management has gambled on its political and financial security lying with the backing of trade union institutions and assured sales in the Soviet Union rather than with the wider range of political movements which the *Morning Star* Commission urged on the paper.

Sarah Benton

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELECTION '83

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Labour pays the price of too much unity

ACCORDING TO an opinion poll conducted on Monday by telephone for TV-am, Labour would be running neck-and-neck with the Conservatives if Denis Healey rather than Michael Foot were leader. A MORI poll one month ago for BBC TV's *Panorama* came up with the same finding. Foot makes clear his irritation at such poll stories; while Healey retreats into unusual reticence: he is too loyal to Foot to say he believes such findings, and too honest to say he doesn't.

This column shares no such inhibitions. Hypothetical questions may well be unreliable as guides to actual behaviour; but they are nonetheless interesting. Large sums are spent on market research, a fair chunk of it done by the same companies that do political opinion polls. Most market research conducted before the launch of a new product or service is by its nature hypothetical: manufacturers want to know the answers to a whole series of 'if' questions. How would the product sell if it were packaged a certain way: if it were promoted a certain way: if it were priced at this rather than that level; and so on.

What no company would dream of doing, however, is to change course in response to the answers to a single question: would you buy more or less Persil if the packet were coloured luminous orange; would you use the railways more if Ken Dodd rather than Jimmy Savile promoted them on TV? Obtaining useful answers to 'if' questions is far more complex than that. Equally, a single question about how people say they would vote if Healey rather than Foot were leader must be treated with great caution. The answers mean *something;* but what?

My guess – I don't have the tens of thousands of pounds it would take to turn it from a guess into a certainty – is that most people who say they would vote for a Healey-led Labour Party rather than today's Foot-led one are not mainly thinking about the personal qualities of the two men. Rather, what the polls are measuring is the gap between support for the state of the Labour Party as it is perceived today, and likely support for some idealised version of the party that exists in voters' minds. For 'Foot' read 'the Labour Party after the shambles of the last three years'; for 'Healey' read 'the Labour Party as it used to be before those shambles'.

If this view is correct, then it is by no means certain that a change of leader would, of itself, have made much difference to Labour's prospects. To avoid trailing the Conservatives so badly in the polls – and to avoid the kind of damaging self-inflicted wounds that the party suffered last week over defence – more had to be done earlier to expunge the memory of the party's battles since 1980. The day when Labour had its best chance to exorcise the ghosts of past conflicts was 11 May, two days after the election was called. It was not that the opportunity was bungled – worse, no attempt was even taken to seize it at all.

THAT AFTERNOON Labour's 'Clause five' meeting took place to determine the party's election manifesto. The national executive met with the shadow cabinet, and within an hour decided to re-issue *New hope for Britain,* the lengthy distillation of conference resolutions first assembled in March.

Labour's leaders, including Healey, presented the agreement over the manifesto as a symbol of the party's new-found unity. It was no such thing. What *New hope for Britain* did, when it was first drawn up in March, was set out the terms of the cease-fire between the party's main competing factions. It enabled them to set aside their assorted weapons. John Golding called off his tanks, Denis Healey stopped firing his rifle and Tony Benn lay down his boomerang. It was a useful, indeed vital, exercise.

What it was not was an election-winning manifesto. It contained ambiguities, such as on defence, that were critical to the task at hand – drawing the party's competing factions together – but which were wholly unsuited to the very different task of inviting voters to contemplate what a Labour government would actually do.

Participants in the drafting process were well aware at the time of the delicate operation on which they were embarked. A document spelling out the terms of an internal party truce could be – arguably, had to be – a fragile, delicately-worded thing. An election manifesto, however, needs to be much more robust.

Labour's constitution, a ritually scorned animal, is actually rather well designed for this purpose. It acknowledges implicitly that an election manifesto can never be more than a selection of items from the party's various conference decisions, and the very point of the constitution's Clause five, which requires the national executive and shadow cabinet to come together to draw up the manifesto, is there precisely to make that selection process effective.

Inevitably the process of selection generates disappointment. Party activists spend months, maybe years, seeking the necessary two-thirds majority at a party conference. A two-thirds majority gives any decision the theoretical status of being part of Labour's 'programme', but it is then up to the Clause five meeting to decide which items from this 'programme' to select for the manifesto.

There is only one way in which this system can work without on the one hand threatening to call down the wrath of the party activists, or on the other hand alienating much of the electorate. It is for some basic degree of trust to exist between the party leader and most prominent members of the party – or, failing trust, acknowledgment that being leader bestows sufficient authority to arbitrate on internal feuds.

Labour's strategic problem in fighting this election is that Michael Foot has been given neither the trust nor the authority he needs. Ever since he became leader the far Left has sought to bind him to every last subordinate clause of its list of 14 impossible demands before breakfast, while the Right has largely by-passed Foot in its battles against the Left.

In a rational world, Foot would have possessed the trust and authority to ensure that two things happened to the manifesto. First, it would have been ruthlessly pruned so that its strengths could both be emphasised and made plausible. Second, and more importantly, it would have drawn the crucial distinction between *policies* and *policy objectives*. Full employment, withdrawal from the Common Market, and a non-nuclear defence policy are not policies, but objectives. Policies are the measures you take with the hope of securing those ends: but in this rough old world things outside your control may happen to prevent or delay you reaching those ends, or make the price of keeping going prohibitive. A willingness to acknowledge this should be a sign of realism, and not one of weakness.

Now if something of the flavour of that had been put in the manifesto – without reneging on any past conference decision – much of the aggro and evasion last week over Labour's defence policy might have been avoided. But the cost would have been sniping from the far Left, accusing the Right of preparing to welsh on party policy. In normal times the party leader would have the trust and/or authority to face down the Left and get away with it. But these are not normal times. Labour ought to be romping home to a landslide victory over the Tories. The fact that it isn't owes much to the nature of the suspicious truce that Labour's leaders try unconvincingly to describe as 'party unity'. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Masochism for the masses

Is the Prime Minister a governess? A magistrate? Superwoman? The revenge of the Poujadiste lower middle class? Angela Carter on the Thatcher phenomenon

OF ALL THE elements combined in the complex of signs labelled Margaret Thatcher, it is her voice that sums up the ambiguity of the entire construct. She coos like a dove, hisses like a serpent, bays like a hound; a protean performance that, on occasion, rises to a clarion call or rallying cry. When she clarions, one imagines she can hear herself crackling over the radio waves to outposts of the Empire: 'Britain calling.'

It is, in a real sense, a voice from the past. Apart from anything else, it has adopted a form of 'toff-speak' now reminiscent not of *real* toffs, but of Wodehouse aunts. A voice as artificial, both in its well-modulated, would-be mellifluous timbre and its over-precise diction, as that of a duchess in a farce or a pantomime dame. In itself, a voice with connotations so richly comic it's a wonder her perorations aren't drowned by peals of mirth each time she opens her mouth, and unpleasantly significant that they are not. Because just what makes her sound so ludicrous are the barbarous echoes of past glories that shape her vowels and sharpen her consonants; yet it is also these echoes that make some of us, as a reflex action, snap to attention and touch the forelock.

But how come the voice's perpetrator is not sometimes helplessly overcome by its funny side? Rallying the Scottish Tories at the election campaign kick-off: 'Let us go forth from Perth . . . ' How did she manage to spit out that phrase from the elocution class with a straight face? God knows, there've been sufficient pompous windbags at the helm of this nation before, but never one who's combined a script straight out of *The Boys' Own Paper* circa 1909 with the articulation of Benny Hill *en travestie*. And got away with it. That's the grievous thing.

But, when Thatcher modulates from the dulcet if bellicose contralto with which she cajoles her own side to the shriek, as of ripped linen, with which she subjugates the Commons – and which, interestingly enough, she also uses to address open-air meetings, so it may be involuntary – then, it chills the blood. For, then, hers becomes the very voice of the implacable, arbitrary, irrational authority known and feared in childhood. Voice like a slap on the wrist. Voice that broke in on your game with the little boy next door: 'What *are* you doing? Put your knickers back on, this instant!'

Small wonder, then, she is widely known as 'the nanny' and, on television during the campaign, has given the impression that if you don't vote for her, she'll tan your bottie. (She'll tan your bottie even if you do, unless you're very rich, but as is well known this is *le vice anglais* and the rich have always got it in the private sector; certainly Thatcher has democratically extended the joys of masochism to the entire population.)

THE NANNY. Although Anthony Barnett scrupulously refined the image – rather, the governess who feels a cut above the rest of the staff whilst despising her bosses, and has now kicked out the squire since she knows far better than her employers what's good for him.

But, of course, we're *not* the rest of the staff and though the squires in the Tory Party might have been foolish enough to first promote her within their enclosed little world, they are no longer her employers. *We* are. Her contract is up for negotiation again, now, and it is, perhaps, characteristic of the overweening upper servant that she appears to believe there is no chance it will not be renewed.

But most of us have little direct experience of hiring staff and have seen nannies and governesses only on television, the medium, of course, by which she has infiltrated every home. A rather less cosy association, and one which gives the client less choice in her appointment, is with the lady magistrate who sends the menopausal housewife – as it might be one's mum; or, oneself – down for two years for shoplifting. ('Society must be protected from women like you.' Thatcher is fond of protecting society from people, as if people did not constitute societies.)

Certainly she rams home the point of the atavistic middle-class authority figure with her lady magistrate's two-piece costumes and her lady doctor 'sensible' shoes. Never one to miss out on the exploitation of her gender by fair means or foul, she, unlike Shirley Williams, has always known what garb intimidates. Yet, even when you cannot see her, even on the radio when she's occupying the Jimmy Young Show like an army with banners – and what other politician than this Housewife Superstar would have spotted the potential of the Jimmy Young Show – her scourging voice identifies her instantly as Class Enemy Number One.

Well, it does to me. It does to the bloke next door, who doesn't believe in hanging because it's too good for her. It does to all those who are not dissipating their energies during this election campaign by engaging in the voluptuous but non-productive luxury of Thatcher-hatred – I'm told the Bingo callers in Sheffield say: 'Number ten, Thatcher out' – as though she were somehow greater than the sum of her party and, if she saw the light and joined the Poor Clares tomorrow, the Tories would be perfectly all right. As they used to be, under decent, magnanimous, welfare socialists like Heath. (Remember Heath, who gave us the three day week?) One of the wickedest things Thatcher has done is to make other Tories seem tolerable.

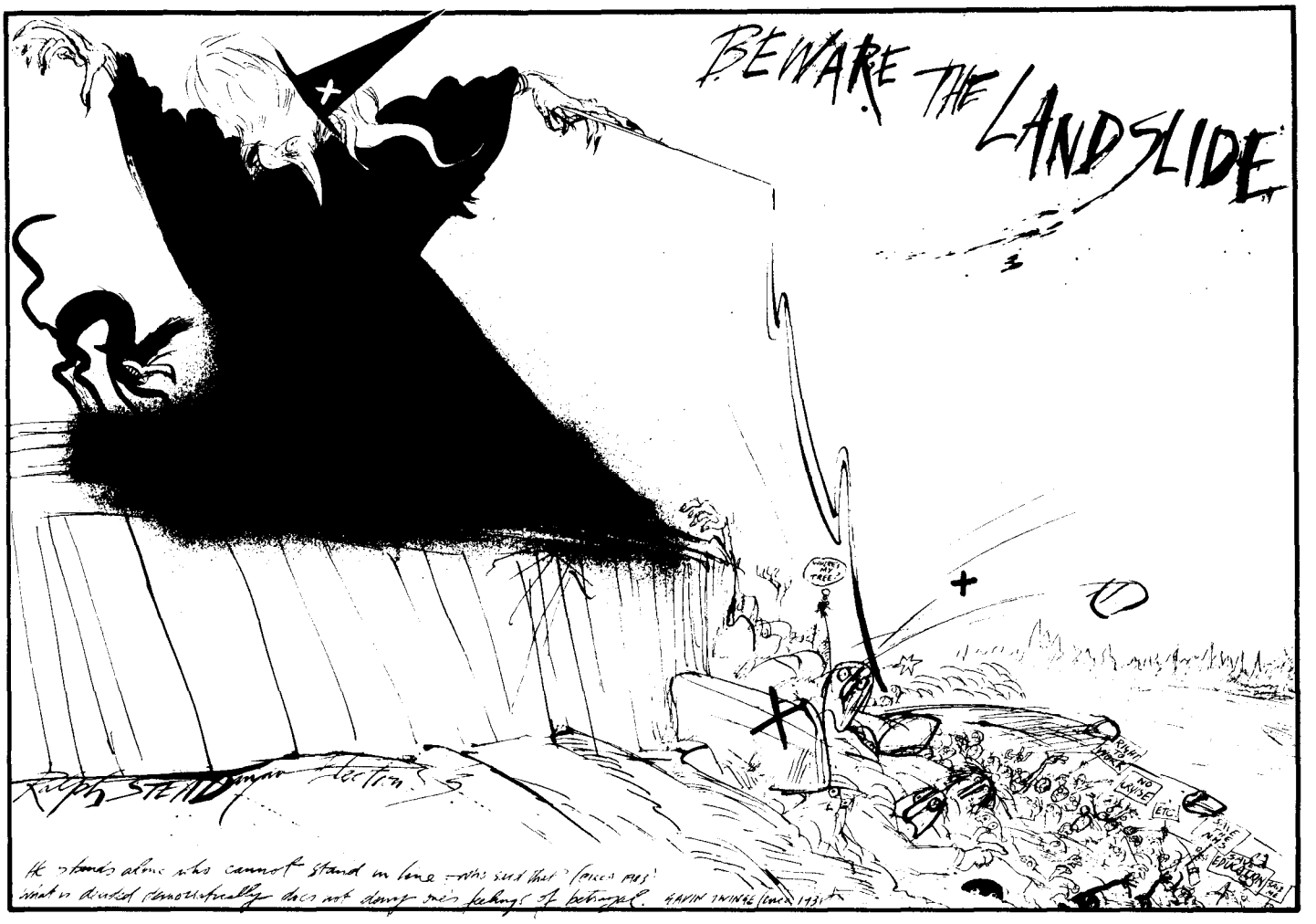
Yet she and her media advisers, and how odd it is one should discuss a British Prime Minister in terms of those who tell her how to powder her nose, have worked damn' hard to blot out the Class Enemy bit, to turn the Tory Party's greatest liability, both in terms of gender and fanaticism, into a comicbook superheroine. ('Superwoman', as Jean Rook of the *Daily Express* calls her.) They've done this, not by toning down her patent absurdity but by playing it up. If her colonial war helped, then it did so only with the aid of the most cynical manipulation of blood lust and militaristic nostalgia of a kind we can ill afford. By turning the absurd into something ineffable, something glorious.

ALL THE qualities that make her like the 'bad guy' in wrestling, the 'Man you Love to Hate,' like Mick MacManus, have gone into the resultant Thatcher package. She is loathsome for precisely those reasons for which she is most admired. For conviction, read monomania. For strength of purpose, read pig-headedness. For cleverness, read low animal cunning.

If the media were as besotted with Michael Foot as they are with Thatcher, he could be transformed overnight from the shambling loony as which they now present him into a lovable eccentric, vastly wise, figure of almost saintly heroism, whose sheer greatness of heart – there's Jean Rook's headline! 'Mr Great-Heart' – shines through the somewhat out-moded rhetoric originally designed to address a packed Welsh mountainside rather than to suit a tête-à-tête with a television camera. (In fact, that's all that's wrong with Foot on TV. He persists in addressing it as if it were a public meeting, while Thatcher knows very well she is partaking in a soap opera, with a role somewhat like, say, Alexis Carrington in *Dynasty*.)

Indeed, if Foot were Tory leader and not Labour leader, think what the notorious Jak, the *Standard*'s cartoonist, would do with him. Every time he tripped over his terrier's lead, it would be proof his mind was on higher things, such as saving the working class from the rapacity of the trade unions or voluntarily repatriating Siamese cats to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


BEWARE THE LANDSLIDE
Ralph Steadman
He stands alone who cannot stand in line – who says that 'voices rise' what is divided democratically does not disrupt one's feeling of belonging?
GAVIN INNES (Leeds) 1983

Bangkok. All this is to do with the *artificiality* of the presentation of Thatcher, which is stressed by the constant emphasis on her personal appearance, in which she appears enthusiastically to condone the sexism of the media, gladly giving information about her tinted hair and the hours spent in the dentist's chair (what courage!) having her teeth capped.

We are told exactly how she does it and then invited to applaud her appearance of youth: 'Four years on and looking ten years younger,' by Jackie Modlinger, Fashion Editor, *Daily Express*, Monday 23 May. Even if one might be forgiven for assuming that, like a latter-day Elizabeth Ba'thory, the Countess Dracula of Hungarian legend, she retained the appearance of youth by bathing each day in the blood of unemployed school leavers.

The ends to which this youthful radiance are put are balefully iconic. That face of Thatcher is more stylised than even her voice, and nothing about it is comic, especially its striking Aryan quality. The blonde, immaculate hair; the steel blue eyes glittering like bayonets, and always with a glazed expression as if fixed on the vision of some high Tory apotheosis such as the crucifixion of Arthur Scargill. The up-thrust chin, as if cresting the waves, like the figurehead as which Steve Bell has so often depicted her. Possibly, hideous thought, to her secret satisfaction, since, for Thatcher, the image is more important by far then the meaning behind it and a figurehead remains a figurehead, whatever its satirical intent.

It is the face, and the pose, too, of a Person of Destiny – and there seems no denying she has personally associated herself with that 'fulfilment of our nation's destiny' of which she spoke to the Scottish Tories, no doubt in serene confidence there was not one devolutionist amongst them who might have queried the appropriateness of the possessive pronoun.

However, the nature of that 'destiny' is as imprecise as the location of the 'Shining city on a hill' invoked as the destiny of the USA by Ronald Reagan during his pre-election debate with Jimmy Carter on American TV. Possibly her destiny and his destination are, in fact, the same city, luminous with radioactive dust and no longer identifiable.

Latterly, she's been sporting a silver and enamel Union Jack on her lapel, as emblematic a jewel as the accessories in the portraits of Elizabeth I as Gloriana. She's also developed a tendency to look vaguely red, white and blue, all over, unless the strain of all this is beginning to tell on me, as it is on Steve Bell's *Guardian* penguin. Union Jack jewel, patriotic colours – all convey the same story, that hers is a transcendent Britishness rising above mere sectarian strife such as the class struggle. Her cult of the personality, establishing her as an emotionally unassailable figure divorced from the sordid business of party politics, peaks on the cover of the *Economist* for 14-20 May. This shows her (up-thrust chin, commanding eyes, as ever, but with a new, positively Mussolini-esque meditatively brooding expression she must have practised in front of the mirror for ages) beneath a rampant Union Jack. The flag, for once, is out of focus, either an oddly tasteful touch or an indication that Thatcher is even more patriotic than it. The legend on the cover of this self-styled centrist publication: 'The issue is Thatcher.'

For the point of the *Economist* cover, constantly emphasised by Thatcher's appeal to the metaphysics of Britishness, is that a vote for Thatcher is a vote, not for the Tories, but for Britain. If you believe in Britain, clap your hands, and Britain, like Tinkerbell in *Peter Pan*, will rise from her deathbed. And. And then, do what? But what Britain will do after this, to change the metaphor, Lazarus-like resurrection is also left vague, except, like any revenant, she will be less corporeally substantial and, presumably, no longer need nourishment, health care, education or employment.

The scarcely credible words of the Thatcher campaign song – and it is a *Thatcher* campaign song, not a Tory campaign song – concentrate on those undoubted qualities of leadership she shares with charismatic lemmings. The song also leaves unstated the place to to which she proposes to transport us. 'Who do we want, who do we need, It is a leader who is bound to succeed – Maggie Thatcher, Just Maggie for me.'

YET THE ISSUE in this election is most emphatically *not* Thatcher, who is no more than the representative of certain vested interests, and it is only her vaunting personal ambition and readiness to use the dirtiest resources of right-wing populism that give the illusion she is 'Mrs Big', as Jean Rook

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calls her. Me, I'm only a writer of fiction and a coarse semiologist by profession and must use the words of a far greater person than I, Theodor Adorno, to sum up adequately what Thatcher represents and a vote for her means.

> Whatever was once good and decent in bourgeois values, independence, perseverance, forethought, circumspection, has been corrupted utterly . . . In losing their innocence, the bourgeois have become impenitently malign . . . The bourgeois live on like spectres threatening doom.

He saw it all, years ago, and said it in *Minima Moralia*.

And here she is, spectre not at the feast but at the famine, symbol – though only a symbol – of our bane and, possibly, an eventual enlightenment, like the plague in Camus's novel, except we may more easily be rid of her than Oran could purge itself of *pastorella pestis*. She can be exorcised with a mere cross on a voting slip. However, what then?

Years ago, during the February 1974 election campaign, the cover of the French news magazine, *L'Exprès*, carried the question: 'La Grande Bretagne: Chile ou Suède?' Curiously enough, this is the very choice Thatcher herself has offered us in this campaign, between 'a society coerced and a society free under the rule of law,' although she might not agree the former phrase is an apt description of Chile under Pinochet while for me the latter sums up Sweden, with all its petty regulations and amazing virtues, well enough. In those days, the electorate pondered, wavered and finally plumped for the Swedish option. And the Labour government they put into power blew it. Blew it so badly that, as a result, this time round, a real choice might no longer exist.

Perhaps it was inevitable that in our post imperial anomie, the hangover after the two-hundred year spree, Britain should throw up the apparatus to create a twopenny halfpenny demagogue of the kind known and feared throughout the Third World. Should release the madwoman who'd always been gibbering in the Tory attic, with its lugubrious lumber of Union Jack draped gallows, the personification of the Tory lady who'd grounded successive Tory Party conventions in a morass of meanness and cruelty. And should give this symbolic entity the keys to the whole asylum.

But nothing is inevitable; history seems inevitable only by virtue of hindsight. There is a conspiracy to create the impression that Thatcher is the kind of leader who goes down in the history books. I rather suspect that, should these islands survive so long, the ethnically complex, polyglot, joyously egalitarian inhabitants of these islands in 2083 will think of Thatcher only as a footnote to the history of graphics. 'Gave inspiration to Steve Bell, Ralph Steadman, Gerald Scarfe, q.v. See, also, under Mère Ubu.' □

Angela Carter's latest book is Nothing Sacred, *a collection of essays published by Virago. She is also the author of* The Sadeian Woman.

ELECTION '83

Leader writing

Mary Holland studies the press coverage of Michael Foot

WHEN ALL THIS is over someone should do a detailed analysis of the way the press has treated Michael Foot. I don't just mean the populars which are predictable and bound by their owners' loyalty to the Conservative Party. At least they have been fairly open about where they stand, whom they support and why. What deserves much closer examination is the enthusiasm with which the quality press has embraced the task of vilifying the Labour Party leader, often in a sickeningly personal fashion.

After the Bermondsey by-election political commentators in the quality press were loud in their denunciation of the way their more vulgar colleagues had treated Peter Tatchell. It was agreed that personal smears *had* disfigured the contest, that it was really not relevant to anything that he was Australian, supported gay rights or wore elegant clothes in matching shades of brown. But, it was argued, it was also quite exceptional, it simply couldn't happen to a mainstream political figure. Yet the style of the attacks on Michael Foot is reminiscent of those on Tatchell. It is as though the leader of the Labour Party has now become a legitimate quarry to bait, just as the young Bermondsey candidate was earlier this year.

The picture of Foot which has been assiduously promoted in this election is of 'an elderly, ranting pamphleteer', 'his jaws rigid, his lips flecked with spittle', 'like a floppy toy on benzedrine'. I quote from, respectively, the *Sunday Telegraph*, the *Economist* and the *Observer*. It goes without saying that the pictures used to accompany these words are chosen with great care to show Foot like a refugee from a geriatric ward, shirt crumpled, lips slack and hair awry, usually being 'minded' by an anxious-looking wife, special branch man, or dog.

It will, for example, take some time to repair this reader's confidence in her weekly *Economist*, after the 'profile' of Michael Foot in last week's issue. Entitled 'How suited to Govern' the main aim of this assessment was to contrast Mrs Thatcher's well known passion for reading, the breadth of her travels, her love of sitting at the feet of wise men and learning humbly from their experience with Mr Foot's shambling and complacent philistinism. 'It is', the anonymous writer told us, 'a major premise of the 1983 election . . . that Mr Foot does not know anything about anything. He knows no economics, no sociology, nothing about international relations except that peace is better than war'.

Having thus demolished Mr Foot's claims to intellectual competence, the writer moved smoothly on to his physical attributes. 'Although two years younger than President Reagan, Mr Foot looks a lot older, with snow-white hair, thick spectacles, an old man's hands and a walk that reminds onlookers uncannily of Charlie Chaplin'.

Mr Foot's physical and sartorial style – his suits, his spectacles, his 'little laugh' – figures so prominently in the serious papers' assessment of him that it comes as no surprise that some of them have brought in their most fashion-conscious colour writers to pronounce on his qualities as a politician. Thus Clive James in the *Observer* tells us about Mr Foot's blue suit which makes him look like 'a Minor Georgian poet', the grey suit that reduces him to 'a Minor Essaysist', the blue suit with the red tie with white polka dots. He also talks of him as 'a man who has been mastered by the English language,' which he gives no literary connotations. 'It can do anything with him.' Which, for anyone who has watched on television the progress of Mr James's love affair with his own voice, is rich indeed.

Not that Channel Four's most talkative chat show host was alone. The contemptuous preoccupation with Michael Foot's physical style has been common to much of the political reporting. It was left to Norman Mailer, doing a superior hack job for the *Mail on Sunday* (a fact which he blithely explained to his readers in the opening sentences of his article), to make some attempt to put the Labour Party leader in political perspective. It wasn't that Mailer, a self-styled 'Left Conservative', had any great sympathy for Foot's politics, nor that he found his candidacy convincing. He made it quite clear that he found it almost incredible 'that this man who looked like an eccentric professor of ornithology could run for prime minister'. He reported on the incompetence and the miseries of the campaign trail. But

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

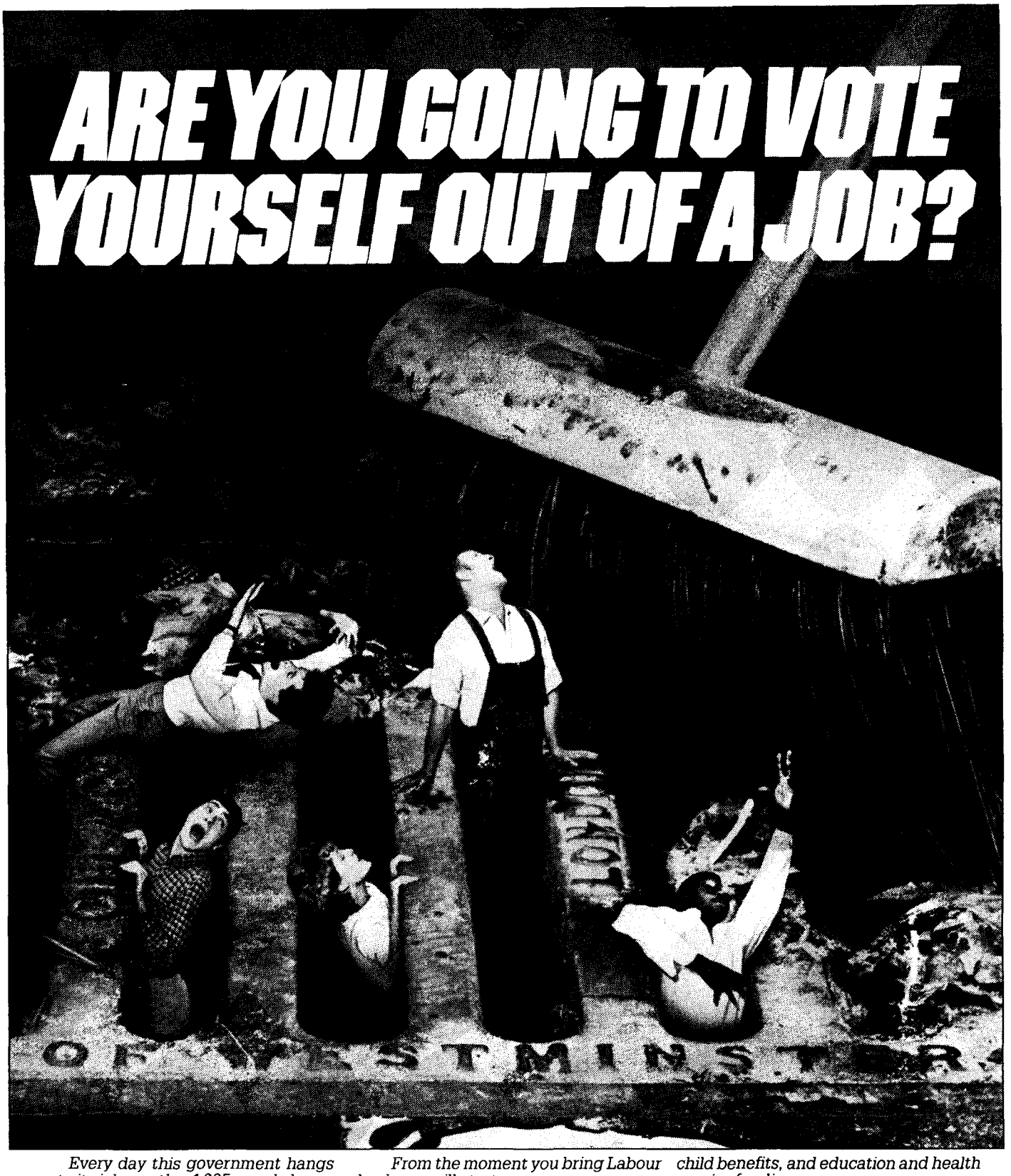
☐ Birmingham's tulip festival, held by the previous Labour council on 1 May for the past two years, has been switched by the Conservatives this year to the Spring Bank Holiday, 30 May. But the park staff planted the tulips to be ready by 1 May. The festival will go ahead without tulips. – *Daily Telegraph* (Ian Gillies)

☐ Police plan to stop Mr Jack Mitchell turning cowards into heroes. Mr Mitchell is charging £90 a time to let 'little men look big' by allowing them to beat him up in front of their women. The 6ft 13st driving instructor from Harrogate said: 'One of my favourite stunts is to act drunk and abuse a client's girlfriend and then let him wallop me.' – *Yorkshire Post* (P. O'R. Smiley)

☐ Judge Paul Baker, QC, said the council was entitled to injunctions against four people who, despite warnings, persisted in placing unauthorised wreaths, vases and small fences on the graves of their loved ones. – *Local Government Chronicle* (Christian Wolmar)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARE YOU GOING TO VOTE YOURSELF OUT OF A JOB?



Every day this government hangs on to its job, another 1,395 people lose theirs.

Adding millions to the country's £17 billion dole bill.

In fact, the Tories spend more on keeping people jobless than they do on keeping people healthy.

Are you going to vote for another 5 years of this nightmare? Or are you going to think positive and vote Labour?

Only Labour has the experience and policies to get Britain working again.

From the moment you bring Labour back, we will start an emergency programme of investment in industry, transport, housing and essential new technology.

It is a tried and tested method for creating new jobs and for reducing the dole bill.

With jobs again, people can start to buy things again. To produce them, industry then takes on even more people.

We will also encourage economic growth by increasing pensions and child benefits, and education and health service funding.

But what of the Tories' claim that Britain cannot afford it? It's a matter of priorities.

Where the Tories waste the nation's vital savings and oil wealth abroad, Labour will invest those precious resources in Britain.

To build a healthier society, vote for Labour on June 9th.

And sack the Tories before they sack you.

THINK POSITIVE. ACT POSITIVE X VOTE LABOUR.

The Labour Party 150 Walworth Road London SE17 1JT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he also looked beyond the Labour leader's suits, listened to him speak and reported what he perceived Foot to be saying. I was at the same meeting and it is, I think, worth repeating what this American visitor saw since you won't read it from our own journalists.

'Foot had a cogent point of view at least. It said we are not here in this world to find elegant solutions, pregnant with initiative, or to serve the ways and modes of profitable progress. No, we are here to provide for all those who are weaker and hungrier, more battered and more crippled than ourselves. That is our only certain good and great purpose on earth and if you ask me about those insoluble economic problems that may arise if the top is deprived of their initiative, I would answer "to hell with them. The top is greedy and mean and they will always find a way to take care of themselves. They always do".'

It is an unfashionable message, particularly to journalists who have done pretty well out of Mrs Thatcher's economic policies. How much easier to pretend the message does not exist and to concentrate instead on Mr Foot's suits, his spectacles and his dog.

Even so, there are signs that even in the Conservative press some people are becoming alarmed at the prospect of a Thatcher landslide. Last Friday *The Times* urged the Labour Party to pull itself together since 'many who would like or contemplate with equanimity a second term for Mrs Thatcher's government may be distinctly uneasy at the prospect of Tory triumphalism, all opposition routed'. The *Sunday Times* also feared what the implications might be in such areas as immigration, penal policy and the Welfare State if a Tory landslide took place.

In the *Sunday Telegraph*, Peregrine Worsthorne spoke with grim foreboding of a government from which the gentlemen were sent packing and remarked, rather strongly, that it is the function of an elite 'to find a civilised answer to the giant social problems presented (by unemployment) rather than to take refuge behind fatalistic neo-Malthusian excuses about there being nothing to be done'. Mr Foot could not have put it better.

Anticipating the chill wind of change, gentlemen's newspapers are already mounting a sturdy defence of those members of their class whom Mr Worsthorne fears may be in danger. *The Times* has run a glowing profile of Mr Pym, while the *Daily Telegraph*, among others, has reported warmly about Mr Prior. Edward Heath, though patently too late for saving by anybody, continues to get respectful coverage.

It was left to Paul Johnson to sing the praises of the new men of 'Mrs Thatcher's meritocracy'. What distinguishes these newcomers from Carrington, Gilmour et al (we are told) is an admirable lack of guilt about those less fortunate than themselves. Guilt 'which promotes the worst excesses of the Welfare State' is, according to Johnson 'the great corrosive and destructive force of modern democratic politics'.

Who says the gentleman doth protest too much? □

ECONOMICS

Lost vision

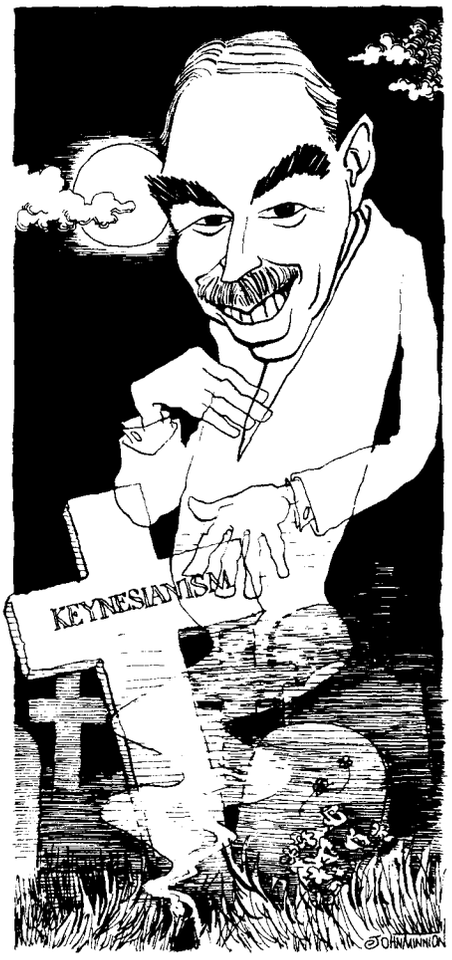
Michael Stewart wishes Keynes many happy returns

IT IS A SAD irony that the centenary of the birth of John Maynard Keynes on 5 June 1883 should be closely sandwiched between two events which represent a decisive repudiation of his central contribution to economic thought.

One of these is the seemingly inevitable re-election of a Prime Minister who firmly turned her back on Keynesian economics in 1979 and shows no sign whatever of changing her mind now. The other is the failure of the Williamsburg summit to provide any kind of solution to precisely the kind of international economic problem which so concerned Keynes in the last few years before his death in 1946.

The importance of the *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, which Keynes published in 1936, did not lie in its prescriptions for reducing unemployment, such as public works and redistributive taxation; Keynes had been issuing the same advice for years without anyone taking much notice. It lay in the provision of a new theory which explained the behaviour of the economic system better than the existing classical theory, in much the same way as Copernicus's heliocentric theory had explained the behaviour of the solar system better than the existing geocentric theory.

According to the classical theory, constructed by Ricardo on foundations laid down by Adam Smith (and later developed by Mill, Marshall and others), the economy was self-stabilising at full employment. A fall in the demand for one commodity might cause temporary unemployment in the industry that produced it; but if people spent less on one thing they would spend more on another, and labour and capital would flow out of the old industry and into the new one. As the French economist Jean-Baptiste Say had emphasised, the incomes earned in the process of producing commodities would, collectively, be just sufficient to purchase all these commodities. Thus, as Ricardo assured Malthus, there could be no 'general glut of commodities'. But what if some of this income, such as business profits, was saved, not spent, asked Malthus. Ah, but it would be spent, replied Ricardo – not on consumer goods, but on investment goods. Thus all saving would automatically be invested; and later economists stressed the rate of interest as the mechanism which brought saving and investment into line with each other.



What Keynes demonstrated was that saving and investment – by the early 20th century, unlike Ricardo's day, activities largely undertaken independently by different sets of people – were brought into equilibrium not by changes in the rate of interest, but by changes in the national income. A fall in investment, for example, would not lead to a fall in the rate of interest which would keep saving and investment in balance by encouraging investment and discouraging saving.

It would lead to a fall in incomes, output and employment, down to the point at which incomes would yield a level of saving low enough to equal the new, lower, level of investment. In short, the economy did not necessarily stay at, or quickly return to, full-employment equilibrium. On the contrary,

New Statesman

Annual subscription rates*
*6 months & 3 months subscription pro rata

UK £29; Overseas surface mail: £32 (US $59)

Overseas airmail: Europe £36; Middle East £39; S. America, India, Africa £40; Australia, Far East £45; USA, Canada £40 (US $79)

Student subscription rates available on request

Please note: payment by cheque in Sterling or US Dollars, or International Money Order only

Please complete this form and post to:
NS Subscriptions, 14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....
(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

I enclose £/$ .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it could get stuck for long periods of time at a level of income and output that involved heavy unemployment. When this happened, it was the job of the government to prime the pump by increasing public investment or cutting taxation in order to bring the economy back up to full employment.

For some 30 years this analysis, as enshrined in the famous 1944 White Paper on Employment Policy, underlay the conduct of economic policy in Britain and other industrial countries; and the result was 30 years of full employment and unprecedented economic growth. What led to its abandonment was inflation, and particularly the inflationary bursts at the end of the 1960s and in the middle of the 1970s. The inflationary potential of a combination of free collective bargaining and a government guarantee of full employment had been quite clearly recognised in the 1944 White Paper, and the implication – the need for some form of incomes policy – had been acted on as early as 1948 by the Attlee government, in its agreement with the TUC on wage restraint.

But subsequent incomes policies were so difficult, unpopular and allegedly unsuccessful that by the mid-1970s the ground was fertile for the acceptance of a new economic theory to replace, in its turn, that of Keynes. This theory – monetarism – explained inflation as the consequence of government intervention in the economy designed to keep unemployment below its 'natural rate'. If the government would only leave the economy alone, confining its activities to balancing the budget and controlling the money supply, the economy would be self-stabilising at the natural rate of unemployment, and inflation would be stable at a low – even zero – rate.

This theory flies in the face of common observation and common sense. It assumes that the government can control the supply of money, whereas in a credit economy all it can do is try to influence the demand for money by manipulating the rate of interest. It assumes that heavy and prolonged unemployment simply cannot happen – or that, if it does happen, such unemployment is 'voluntary', in the sense that people are refusing to accept jobs because the wage they are offered is too low. In its most extreme 'rational expectations' form, it assumes that the government cannot have any effect whatever on the level of output or employment.

THE REASON WHY such a nonsensical theory has not only been adopted but tenaciously clung to, particularly in Britain and the United States, is that the better-off are a lot more worried by inflation than by unemployment; and in Mrs Thatcher and President Reagan the better-off have found their best champions for 50 years.

The failure of the Williamsburg summit to come to grips with the severity of the world recession and the dangers to the whole world financial and trading system inherent in the huge overhang of virtually unserviceable developing country debt represents a second repudiation of Keynes's thought. During the war, he became acutely conscious of the need to ensure a sufficient volume of international liquidity to support sustained post-war growth in world trade and production. To this end he urged his American colleagues to agree to the creation of a 'Clearing Union', or international central bank.

The International Monetary Fund which actually emerged from the Bretton Woods negotiations in 1944 was a rather poor alternative. It was on a much smaller scale than Keynes thought necessary and dependent for its funds on subscriptions by member governments instead of being able, like a central bank, to create deposits as needed. Although there have been some useful advances over the past 40 years, such as the creation of Special Drawing Rights, the resources and procedures of the Fund remain quite inadequate to cope with the world's contemporary needs. Ironically – in view of Keynes's Anglo-Saxon distrust of the French – only President Mitterrand among the summit leaders, with his talk of a new Bretton Woods, appears to understand this.

It is sometimes claimed that what the world needs is a new Keynes. That is not necessary. What it needs is a return to the basic insights into the working of the economic system with which Keynes supplied us nearly half a century ago. □

Michael Stewart is Reader in Political Economy at University College London. His next book, Controlling the Economic Future, *will be published in the Autumn by Harvester Press.*

STUDENTS

Impress the locals!

Take the *New Statesman* through the summer in the UK **for only £4.50**

LESS THAN HALF PRICE
at 30p a copy for 15 weeks
Also we'll stretch a point and redirect up to 3 copies overseas for no extra charge

If you intend to be overseas for more than 3 weeks the cost is still remarkably low *at £6*

Please send your cheque, name, address(es), with details of your college, subject and final year to

Lesley Bridgmount
NEW STATESMAN (SS83),
FREEPOST,
LONDON EC1B 1EB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

These extracts, headed 'The Secret Diary of Margaret Hilda Roberts aged 14¼', were found stuck between the pages of an old edition of 'The Grocer's Companion' in a Grantham junk shop. They were handed in by Sue Townsend, author of 'The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole'.

MONDAY: Got up at 5 am and helped father to water down the vinegar. Screwed caps back on then had a lovely cold bath and then indulged myself in physics revision. Walking to school I was almost knocked down by a horrid working-class man on a bicycle. I castigated him severely. He feebly explained that he had momentarily lost concentration due to tiredness after cycling 60 miles looking for work. I pointed out that he had absolutely no excuse for not keeping to the straight and narrow path and took his name. He claimed it was Tebbit, but I have my doubts. He looked awfully shifty, quite peculiar eyes. His sort ought to be forbidden to breed.

After a most enjoyable maths lesson I felt it was my duty as a monitoress to lecture the first years on the importance of having spotless finger nails. One or two started to snivel, so I kept them behind and gave them a jolly good talking to about keeping one's emotions in check.

School dinner (Sorry, *lunch*. Will I never get it right?) was unnecessarily extravagant. I counted two sultanas per square inch in the spotted dick. I complained to the school cook but she rudely told me to 'move along', claiming that I was holding up the second helpings queue.

Had to endure a double period of English Literature in the afternoon. I will be pleased when we have finished *Hard Times* by that obvious Socialist Charles Dickens. I offered to balance the lesson by reading aloud from Queen Victoria's letters but Miss Marmaduke refused and asked me to sit down. (A word in the head's ear would not come amiss – Miss M. is recently back from a cycling tour of Russia.)

As I walked home (alone as usual) I saw the man claiming to be Tebbit messing about on a grass verge and pretending to mend a puncture. I felt it was my duty to report the matter to our Bobby on the beat. It is a well known fact that the unemployed are dishonest. Police Constable Perkins thanked me in his broad Lincolnshire dialect and I continued home. After the shop closed I helped father with the accounts. I was horrified to discover that Mrs Arkwright of Railway Buildings owes 6d for groceries. Father said: 'Margaret, the woman is a widow with five children to feed.' I said that by refusing her credit he would be helping Mrs Arkwright to mend her feckless ways. I offered to call on Mrs Arkwright and ask her for the sixpence, but father reminded me that it was nearly midnight and that we had still not chopped and bundled the firewood for the shop. (We are taking advantage of a late night BBC weather forecast predicting a cold snap.) Finally got to bed at 2 am, after reciting 'How now brown cow' one hundred times.

TUESDAY: Had a lie in until 6 am. The water was warm so I couldn't have a bath but had to be content with a brisk rub down with a pumice stone. I gave mother a harsh talking to regarding the bath water. She apologised, saying that the BBC had misled us about the weather. Sure enough the sun was shining brightly. (A suspicion is growing in my mind that the BBC is not to be trusted.) Father and I hastily split the firewood into toffee apple sticks and mother was sent to the kitchen to make three hundred toffee apples.

WEDNESDAY: Went to see Mrs Arkwright and managed to get threepence farthing out of her. I spent some time on her ill-scrubbed doorstep explaining how she should cut down on household expenses. I informed her that she could make excellent substitute tea by boiling dried nettle leaves. Mrs Arkwright said it was a bad day for England when a person couldn't afford a cup of tea; I retorted that it was the duty of us all to make sacrifices in order to finance the munitions industry. Mrs Arkwright sarcastically asked what I as a grocer's daughter went without? I answered that *I* had given up applying vaseline to the sores on my legs caused by my wellington tops.

THURSDAY: Police Constable Perkins called round to the shop to report that the cyclist Tebbit had been held at the Police Station for questioning but allowed to leave! I was rather put out by this apparent evidence of police laxity, but Perkins said: 'His spokes was in a proper state by the time we'd done a strip search on his bike.' We all had a jolly good laugh and father invited Perkins to join us in a cup of tea at the side of the bacon slicer. He didn't stay long because, as he explained, it was the scrumping season and he was kept busy catching young boys and fracturing their ear drums. When he had gone, father and I did the daily stocktaking and were shocked to find that there was a tin of salmon and a small Hovis missing. My mother claimed that Constable Perkins had slipped them into his truncheon pocket as he left the shop! Father sent her to bed for daring to cast a slur on a fine body of men. All the same the loss of the salmon and Hovis was a severe blow, strict economies would have to be made, so father and I sat up all night grinding chalk and adding it to the flour bin.

FRIDAY: After school dinner (Lunch! Margaret, Lunch!) I was summoned to the head. She astonished me by saying 'Margaret, I can't fault your school work, but can't you try to take life less seriously, perhaps strike up a friendship with one of the girls in your class?' I pointed out to her that there *were* no girls of my class at the school. But she murmured 'That isn't quite what I meant dear' and dismissed me.

After school I counted and bagged the currants and raisins for the shop, then spent two relaxing hours doing mathematical equations.

There was a church social at the Methodist Hall. I took a pound of broken bourbons that father had donated and spent the evening chatting to a visiting Russian Orthodox priest. He was awfully intellectual so I was delighted when he offered to walk me home. We were approaching the shop chatting about samovars when he crushed me to his chest in a bear hug and whispered lewd and revolutionary suggestions of a personal nature. I screamed and ran into the shop. I didn't tell father, but I will never trust another Russian as long as I live.

Took a cold water bottle to bed with me to punish myself for stealing a raisin.

SATURDAY: Spent a frustrating morning poring over my school atlas doing Geography homework: 'Locate and then draw the Falkland Islands'. After searching the entire coast of Scotland and its environs I happened to glance down at the bottom left hand corner of the map and found them off the coast of Argentina!

SUNDAY: At 7 pm I closed and locked my bedroom door, took my secret box out of my wardrobe and had a session of dressing up and posing in front of the mirror. The crown kept slipping down over my head and I had to stop twice and stitch the cotton wool back on to the ermine robe, but I think I have almost perfected the regal wave. An accident of birth has cruelly prevented me from any hope of royal ascendancy but I am going to work jolly hard to ensure that I attain high office of some kind and once there stay there. My skills as an actress will surely help.

ROGER WOODS

Flood warning

Leaks by civil servants of secret government plans to dismantle the welfare state are said by Denis Healey to be flowing 'like water bursting through a dam.'

When Whitehall first recruited me,
My orders were clear-cut:
To listen with a loyal ear
And keep my cakehole shut.
It seemed, for I was young and green,
A civil thing to do,
But now I think it right to let
The dirty water through.

The only duty asked of me
Was service to the state,
A posture awkward to maintain,
With conscience in full spate.
I follow an unlikely course
(And take it with regret),
Which leaves the lady high and dry
And me a Whitehall wet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pressing on regardless

This week's seven-nation summit agreed to ignore the world's economic needs. Caroline Atkinson reports

Williamsburg

LEADERS OF THE SEVEN largest Western nations left Williamsburg this week congratulating themselves on the result of their ninth economic summit meeting. Their electorates have reason to be less cheerful. For the economic centrepiece of this year's summit was an agreement to go on pursuing the same sort of policies in future that have proved so disastrous for the world in the recent past.

Mrs Thatcher and President Reagan seemed especially pleased with the declaration that Japan, France, West Germany, Britain and the United States should concentrate for the next year on coordinating medium-term policies of disciplined non-inflationary growth in money supply and cuts in public spending and borrowing. British officials in particular declared that this endorsed the principle of the Thatcherite 'medium-term financial strategy'. US Treasury Secretary Donald Regan described the technical annex to the communiqué as 'the entire theme of what the financial and economic types will be working on between now and the next summit' – a sad contrast with the commitments of past summits to growth and lower unemployment.

It has to be conceded that the world economy is in slightly better shape than it was a year ago. The United States is climbing out of recession. American interest rates are closer to 10 per cent than to the 20 per cent level of a year ago. Glimmerings of economic recovery are evident in Britain – and possibly West Germany and Japan.

But, as the summit communiqué admitted (despite the reported opposition of President Reagan), sustained world recovery is still far from certain. The British upturn could prove especially shortlived, if sterling's weakness and higher inflation lead the government to tighten up again. For some countries represented at Williamsburg, of course, the recession is still in full swing. Italian Prime Minister, Signor Fanfani, shrugged expressively when he considered what might happen to Italian prospects for growth if the Americans' much touted recovery were to fade. The Germans were also unconvinced by Mr Reagan's bland assurances that the world would now be all right because the US is growing strongly; and that his administration will – in some unspecified way – succeed in bringing down US interest rates. They fear that rapid US expansion would lead to another rise in US interest rates, which would hurt the rest of the world. On the other hand, if the promised growth does not materialise, the rest of the world will remain depressed.

These uncertainties further darken the already gloomy prospects for unemployment. Although the leaders' joint declaration seems to ignore the point, unemployment remains intolerably high in most of the summit nations.

The British record is the worst, and British hopes for improvement the bleakest. Even the government admits that it cannot say when the steady rise in joblessness will stop, let alone be reversed. But, faced with this world crisis, the seven leaders and their finance ministers have not come up with a single new proposal for reducing it. What is more, they have also explicitly rejected all the old methods. The communiqué talked about fighting inflation, cutting government borrowing and cutting spending – not about putting people back to work. Sir Geoffrey Howe pointed out with positive satisfaction that there is no call for countries with low inflation to expand their economies in order to help pull the rest along.

Of course not all of the summit nations subscribe to the Thatcher-Reagan view of the world. But the Canadians, French and Italians were too cowed, or too concerned with their own weak economies at home, to object effectively to being included in the general embrace of the communiqué. Canada's finance minister apparently did want a mention in the communiqué of the room that some countries now have for reflation – Britain, Germany, and Japan are the obvious candidates. But the revolution in the thinking of economic policy makers since the 1970s ruled this out. The Williamsburg summit declaration thus contrasts sharply, for example, with the detailed decisions of the 1978 Bonn summit where it was agreed that some countries in a position to do so should reflate to help the rest. Both the US treasury monetarist, Mr Beryl Sprinkel, and Sir Geoffrey applauded this change. It is after all a victory for their rejection of Keynesian arguments that jobs can be created by government when the economy is depressed and that cuts in public spending and borrowing deepen recessions.

BUT WHAT HAVE they got to put in its place? The monetarism that they both espouse has nothing to say about employment or job creation – other than that the market would take care of that itself, if only greedy workers would let it do so and stop pricing themselves out of work. It was not surprising when inflation was high and accelerating that meetings of this kind focused on anti-inflation policies. But now that inflation has been so substantially reduced (and at such a high cost in terms of lost jobs and lost output), it is depressing indeed to find the industrialised West without the will or the wit to devise new policies for growth.

As Conservative ministers were quick to point out, this kind of gathering also illustrates how difficult it would be for a Labour – or for that matter Alliance – government to attempt a break with the policies of the present government. The French bore witness to this at Williamsburg. The French Socialist government has been forced since last year's summit at Versailles to abandon its pro-growth and employment policies, largely because no other major country would join it. On top of that, the usual financial market fear of socialist, or left-leaning, governments produced constant pressure on the franc, finally forcing President Mitterrand to change course.

Before the summit, the French complained loudly about the problems that the Americans were making by their persistent high interest rates and refusal to hold down the value of the dollar. But even this hard line seemed to collapse in the pseudo-18th century surroundings of 'Colonial Williamsburg'. Mitterrand apparently believed that, since he has to sell austerity at home, he might as well have a summit agreement that said that this is the only true path to eventual prosperity.

The only real concession that the six visiting delegations managed to wring from the Americans was itself perverse: the final statements said that all agreed on the importance of reducing budget deficits to bring down interest rates. While it would indeed help the rest of the world if American interest rates came down further, it would in fact directly hurt other countries now if the US increased taxes or cut spending sharply in order to do so because that would slow the critical US economic recovery

But these problems pale beside those of the developing world. The debt crisis of recent months has demonstrated dramatically the interdependence between rich and poor nations. Both banks and exporters in industrialised economies are threatened when their customers run out of money to service debts or pay for imports. But here again Williamsburg shied away from bold new moves, preferring to back the present *ad hoc* arrangements for dealing with financial crises, stressing the need for debtor nations themselves to 'adjust' to lower imports, less growth and lower inflation.

The summit did agree to tell finance ministers to talk with the Managing Director of the International Monetary Fund about ways to improve the world financial system. Some optimists believe that, if the finance ministers begin such a study, they may end up recommending important and far reaching changes. But these can only work if the underlying economic problems are dealt with. The debt crisis did not spring out of nothing. It was triggered largely by high US interest rates, recession in the markets for third world producers and sharp declines in commodity prices. It will only be solved if the industrialised nations start to grow and import again. To the solution to these problems, Williamsburg contributed precisely nothing. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREECE

Cultural passion

Melina Mercouri (right) talks to Barry Cohen

SOME PEOPLE STUDY political life; others imbibe it. In discussing her own political career, Melina Mercouri once remarked: 'I ate politics with my mother's milk.' As the granddaughter of a former Mayor of Athens and the daughter of a prominent left-wing MP, politics has run a parallel course with her own career as an actress and film star.

When the Colonels grabbed power in Greece in 1967, Mercouri was visiting the United States, enjoying the phenomenal popularity that she had acquired from her role in *Never On Sunday*. Her subsequent criticism of the junta led to a loss of Greek citizenship, confiscation of property and death threats.

During her seven years of exile, Mercouri became one of the most prominent opponents of the military regime. When it collapsed in 1974, she and her husband, film director Jules Dassin, immediately returned to the politics and theatre of Greece. She then became a founding member of PASOK, Greece's ruling socialist party. In 1977, Mercouri was elected to Parliament on behalf of a poor working-class district of Piraeus. After the October 1981 elections, she was appointed Minister of Culture and Sciences in Greece's socialist government.

While visiting London to promote her campaign for the return of the Elgin marbles to Greece, Mercouri also spoke to me about her political work.

'My ministry was originally created in 1971 under the junta,' Mercouri pointed out in her familiar passionate style. 'But it was always governed by severe censorship laws which had existed from before the Second World War. It was a ministry without a spine.'

Her ministry is divided between a Directorate of Archaeology and the Protection of the Heritage and a Directorate of Cultural Affairs. 'If you are Greek, archaeology plays an immense part in your cultural life. But it presents us with serious problems. Everywhere you dig, something valuable almost always turns up. This creates a social problem, because we don't have the money to compensate the poor people who have a small home or farm on the site.' This partly explains her view that 'we are too poor to be so rich'.

Decentralisation is a persistent theme in the government's strategy for re-structuring Greek society. 'Workers, technicians and artists sit together on committees that have been set up in various cultural institutions, such as the National Theatre. This is a completely new development since an elite previously ran our cultural activities. When a decentralisation law is passed, we shall transfer most of the ministry's budget to local mayors. They know very well the problems of their own towns. They will have control, and so, the bureaucracy' – arm thrust down in a slicing motion – 'will be chopped. Until recently, there were decision-making delays of up to two years in the archaeological council.'

Judah Passow/Network

Mercouri wants to democratise cultural life and make it accessible to a people who have been so poorly served in the past. Discussions are under way between her ministry and the mayors to decide where to establish five regional theatre centres which will also house small dramatic schools. Three 'open universities' have also been launched which provide lectures for adults in addition to visiting prisons, hospitals and remote villages.

Upgrading and promotion of the Greek cinema industry is also a high priority. Whereas the junta spent only 50 million drachmas on Greek films, Mercouri's current budget of 400 million drachmas (£3 million) will soon be doubled. A new law will provide incentives to theatre owners and distributors to promote Greek productions.

In collaboration with her close friend, France's Culture Minister Jack Lang, Mercouri recently held a conference on Hydra – 'The Mediterranean through the Ages and Today' – for the cultural ministers of 18 Mediterranean countries. 'Later this year, I hope we shall have two other cultural meetings in Delphi. Again, we will invite the Mediterranean ministers and, afterwards, we will host a meeting of EEC Ministers.' Breaking into laughter, she announced: 'Since we have not informed those governments yet, this information is being revealed to you publicly for the first time!'□

ELECTION '83

Dual key deception

Peter Pringle shows how technology is taking over

THE PRIME MINISTER IS exercising an alarming degree of self-deception over the part she would play in any decision to fire US cruise missiles based on British soil.

Mrs Thatcher asserts that the decision to fire the weapons would be a 'joint' one. While it is true that she would be consulted, when the 'phone goes in Number 10 the President of the United States will most probably be making the Prime Minister an offer she cannot refuse. Current Pentagon war planning and the introduction of new high-technology military communications equipment is eroding the traditional civilian control over the release of nuclear weapons.

In the event of a European war, today's military commanders will be in possession of a mass of detailed and accurate military intelligence and operational data directly from the battlefield. Their arguments to 'go nuclear' could be much more persuasive and harder for a politician to counter than the military arguments, with less detailed intelligence, of a few years ago. Moreover, Nato's war plans are constantly being updated and expanded with each addition to the centralised US war plan: the 'single integrated operational plan', or SIOP.

Most of the intelligence information, and all but a handful of the options for using nuclear weapons, will be of American origin. This US information will be vastly superior to anything that the British with their smaller, less effective intelligence net could produce. The concept, therefore, that a Prime Minister would be in possession of military intelligence persuasive enough to countermand an American President's decision is, on the available evidence, fanciful.

Genuine civilian control over the release of nuclear weapons belongs to a by-gone age, when nuclear attacks could only be launched by bombers that took eight hours to fly from the Soviet Union. American early warning sensors could pick up an incoming raid in time to give the President at least a walk in the Rose Garden, and certainly time to consult the British Prime Minister, and other Allied leaders, before he opened his SIOP decision books.

Today, however, the warning time of a missile attack on the United States could be under ten minutes and, during a war in Europe, less. US army nuclear planners in Europe are so concerned that they will not be able to obtain Presidential release in time to halt a Warsaw Pact advance that they have been asking for the orders to be 'streamlined', to give the commander in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

field greater flexibility and control. From a military standpoint, their concern is certainly justified. During a 1976 nuclear release exercise (codenamed Able Archer) run by the US in Europe, it took 14 hours for troops in the field to get approval of a simulated request to use tactical (battlefield) nuclear weapons.

The Russians themselves were said to have learned of the request through communications intercepts well before the US troops received their approval. 'It would be much simpler to plan for that (European battle) and to take care of it if we had predelegation', General Niles Fulwyler, the army's chief nuclear weapons planner, told Congress last year.

What exactly did the General mean? The Supreme Allied Commander (Europe), always an American (and currently General Bernard Rogers), has more than 7,000 nuclear weapons in his arsenal – including, if he wants them, British Polaris and US Poseidon submarine-launched weapons. According to the rules, requests to fire these weapons would go from the field commanders to Nato wartime headquarters, either at High Wycombe or aboard the flying command posts based at RAF Mildenhall. Nato would then forward the request to the US National Command Authority – the President and the Secretary of Defense. The Joint Chiefs-of-Staff in the Pentagon would recommend which options in the war plans the President should approve.

THE REQUEST WOULD GO simultaneously to the British Prime Minister in order to comply with the 'joint decision' agreement. But there seems to be no doubt in General Rogers's mind about the identity of his boss. 'The ultimate authority is the President or the Prime Minister for their own weapons', he told Congress last March.

Improvements in Nato communications have significantly reduced the time required to process the request. But, as one Pentagon official said, 'It's a guess how long the President is going to take to do this'.

US field commanders, according to Congressional testimony, are now engaged in what they call 'pre-planning' of their nuclear strikes – meaning that they will make the nuclear release requests well before they are needed. With 'pre-planning', the field commanders will be able to fire their nuclear weapons the instant, in their judgment, that a particular battlefield situation requires that the nuclear threshold be crossed. In the past, they would have waited until such a threatening situation developed before making such a request.

The President, of course, can always rescind orders, but the net result of 'pre-planning' is that the final judgment call on the actual use of battlefield nuclear weapons will be more in the hands of the field commander than the President.

General Rogers put it this way: 'I do not object to the fact that in every instance I must seek this release authority . . . go to the political authorities at Nato headquarters . . . to the Ministers of Defense of all the nations and I go also to the two nuclear powers (the US and Britain) simultaneously with my request for release. But prior to that time there would have been a warning message that I was probably coming to ask for release. And even prior to that, in order to get the political authorities thinking in terms of giving this permission, I would have sent what I call an "early notification" message to them.'

To support their claim for the need for 'pre-planning', the US military has been engaged in a massive upgrading of their command, control and communications systems. They hope that the extra funding – $20 billion over the next five years – will buy the superior intelligence information, early warning and communications necessary to persuade a civilian authority that nuclear weapons should be used when *they* say they are needed.

Some of these new measures – increasing the efficiency of the missile early warning systems and the Washington-Moscow 'hotline', for example – are designed to *prevent* rather than *fight* nuclear war. They are therefore clearly desirable. Yet, no matter how sophisticated the sensors, they cannot physically increase the warning time from the current 30 minutes for intercontinental missiles, or as little as seven minutes for submarine-based missiles (that's the flight time of the Soviet missiles).

Still more new projects are designed solely for fighting nuclear wars. They include sensors on satellites whose sole function is to detect the location of nuclear explosions during a war and report back immediately to the home-based command posts. □

This article is based on material from a book published last week: SIOP, Nuclear War from the Inside *by Peter Pringle and William Arkin, Sphere Books, £2.95.*

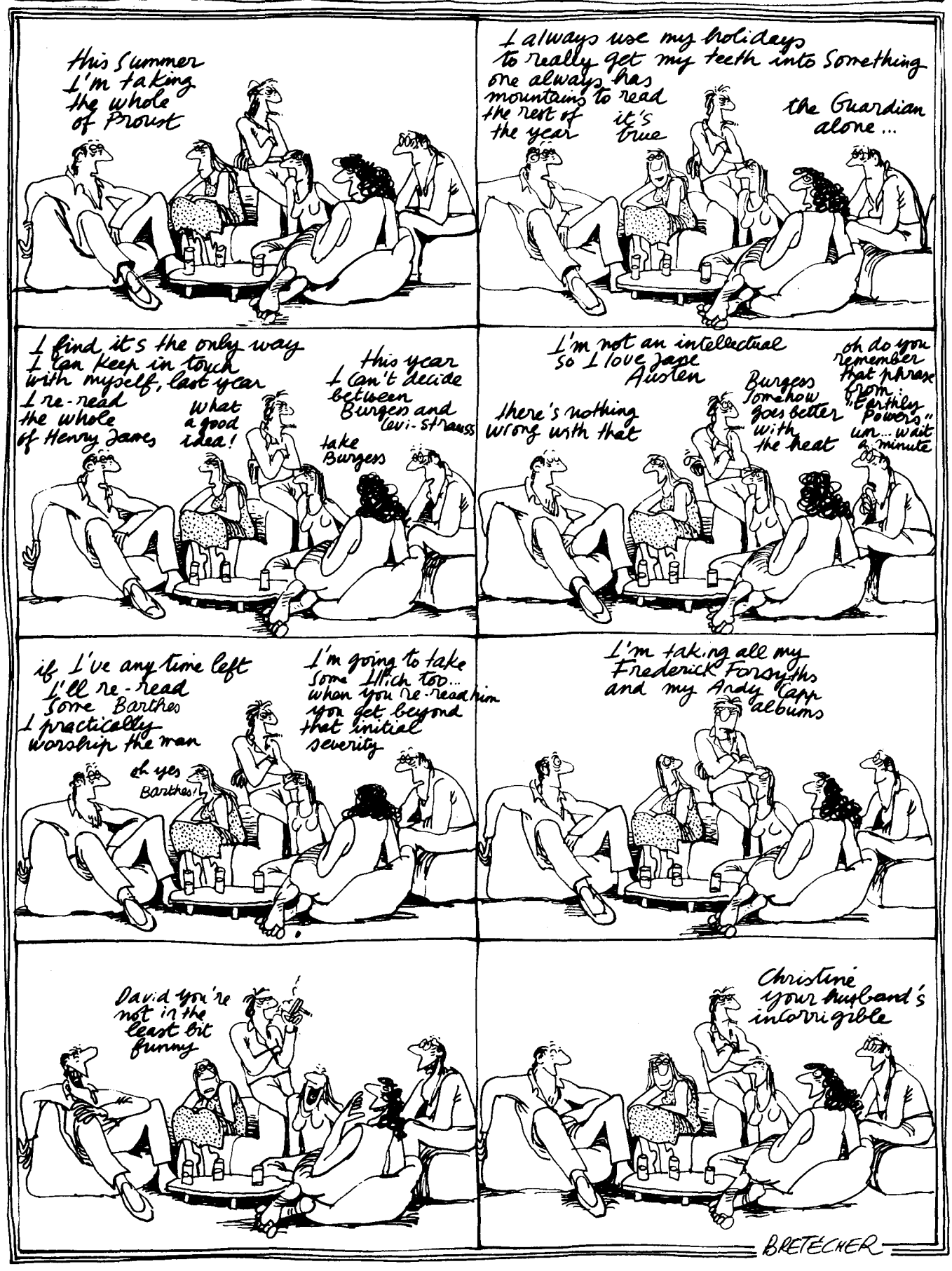
GLC
A FESTIVAL
FOR JOBS

To Welcome the 1983 People's March For Jobs
SATURDAY JUNE 4TH—NOON TILL 8.00 PM
CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT BOWL SE19
Featuring
CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT
PAULINE BLACK
AMAZULU
SEMBA TROPICAL
The Angolan Music Sensation
First British Appearance
THE NUCLEAR REGULATORY COMMISSION
From Tennessee, First British Appearance
SPARTACUS R.
FLYING PICKETS
Plus Surprise Guests & Childrens events.
How to get there: Crystal Palace Park:
Buses 2b, 3,12,12a, 63,108b,122,137,157, 227, 249.
British Rail, Crystal Palace or Penge West.
Free Car Parking—Sports Centre Entrance.
ADMISSION FREE
GLC
Working for London and Peace
279

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRETECHER

COUNTER-CULTURE


this summer I'm taking the whole of Proust
I always use my holidays to really get my teeth into something one always has mountains to read the rest of the year it's true
the Guardian alone...
I find it's the only way I can keep in touch with myself, last year I re-read the whole of Henry James
what a good idea!
this year I can't decide between Burgess and Levi-Strauss
take Burgess
I'm not an intellectual so I love Jane Austen
there's nothing wrong with that
Burgess somehow goes better with the heat
oh do you remember that phrase from "Earthly Powers" um... wait a minute
if I've any time left I'll re-read some Barthes I practically worship the man
oh yes Barthes!
I'm going to take some Illich too... when you re-read him you get beyond that initial severity
I'm taking all my Frederick Forsyths and my Andy Capp albums
David you're not in the least bit funny
Christine your husband's incorrigible
BRETECHER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Against tactical voting

John Boaler, Election Agent, Richmond and Barnes CLP

You have advised your readers to vote tactically in some constituencies, 'to stop Thatcherism' (*NS* 27 May). One of these key constituencies you say is Richmond and Barnes.

The Alliance candidate here is Alan Watson – a right-wing Liberal, whose politics are indistinguishable from those of the Tory candidate. In the Labour Party we do not doubt for a moment that if Mr Watson won Richmond, and there was a hung Parliament, he would happily go into coalition with the Tories. How can socialists possibly vote for him?

Many thousands of your readers are Labour supporters who are working hard to get Labour candidates elected. They all know that there is a world of difference between the philosophy and policy of the Labour Party and those of the Alliance. You insult them by asking them to abandon their principles and their consciences, and vote for the anti-socialist Alliance Party.

What has the Labour Party to gain from tactical voting? If our candidates stand aside in seats where we came third last time, will the Alliance return the favour? If Labour's candidate for Richmond, Keith Vaz, withdrew, would the Liberal Alliance candidate for Putney withdraw?

In these dark days of Thatcherism, socialists must keep their faith and vote Labour on 9 June.

Lilla Hilditch, Isle of Skye

I write to protest about your leading article in this week's *New Statesman* (27 May). There must be many of your readers who are working loyally and hard for the return of Labour candidates all over the country, and to be stabbed in the back at this stage of the election campaign, by a journal that calls itself socialist, is something I find hard to forgive.

What a field-day you have provided for the rest of the press and TV, and, on your own admission, you recognise the damage you are doing to the Labour Party in the future.

Quieter cries for help

Jan Kavan, Palach Press, London WC2

I would like to comment further on points raised by Carol Rumens (Letters 20 May) in response to my article of the previous week, 'Cracking Down'. I too am grateful to the *NS* for giving space to the plight of the lesser-known Czech dissidents. The Czechoslovak authorities are, I believe, fully aware that any act of apparant leniency towards well-known dissidents encourages the Western press to view them as now 'more liberal'. Under cover of this misconception their persecution of ordinary individuals continues unabated.

No one understands this better than Vaclav Havel who, soon after his release from prison on the grounds of ill-health, appealed, together with Charter 77 spokesmen, to the President on behalf of three seriously ill prisoners, Battek, Lis and Savrda. The latter, suffering from nephritis, risks having both legs amputated: Battek and Lis both have severe asthma.

Lis, the former Charter 77 spokesman, has been on hunger strike since 23 May. Last week his wife Alena joined him, supported by a number of Chartists. Lis is now in solitary confinement in Liberec Prison, and has been in jail since January (*see NS* 4 Feb 1983) on a trumped-up charge of incitement. Recently, the Secret Service offered him his release in exchange for co-operation, an offer which Lis indignantly rejected. Obstacles have constantly been found to prevent his receiving visits from his wife and defence lawyer, and his mail is being stopped illegally.

Already more than 300 Czechs have signed a petition demanding the release of Lis, Battek and Savrda. (The petition claims that Lis's attempts to promote a dialogue with the Western Peace Movement are one of the reasons for his persecution.) I believe that the public support of the West could prove influential, and would, at the very least, give tangible form to the idea of solidarity.

Civil liberties

Lord McCluskey QC, House of Lords

Tony Gifford's article on 'Civil wrongs' (*NS* 27 May) repeats a familiar error about the Criminal Justice (Scotland) Bill introduced by the Labour government and the Bill introduced by the present government in 1979; he says they were 'the same Bill'. They were not. There were, of course many clauses which were the same in both Bills; but that was because many of the provisions related to routine technical matters that had not the remotest bearing on civil liberties.

The provisions in the 1978 Bill that did have any bearing on police powers and civil liberties were extremely few: all they did was to empower the police to require a suspect or witness to remain with the policeman long enough to have his name and address checked and, in certain circumstances, to detain a suspect in a police station for four hours for very limited purposes. The Conservative Bill increased the period of detention to six hours, changed the purposes for which the suspect could be detained and allowed him to be fingerprinted compulsorily. The Conservative Bill also introduced stop and search powers, made an unprecedented inroad into the accused person's right of silence (Clause 6), created, for cosmetic purposes, the offence of 'Vandalism' and made sweeping changes in areas of law and procedure not mentioned in the Labour Bill.

Those who characterise both Bills as 'the same' are usually guilty of simple laziness. I cannot accuse Lord Gifford of that offence because he has certainly studied the Conservative Bill, so his perspective derives from his view – expressed in the House of Lords debate on that Bill – that the power to require suspects and witnesses to disclose their true identity to police engaged in investigating an offence is 'a frightening new power'. He is entitled to that view though I considered that power neither frightening nor new.

What was 'new' about the power was that it was designed and circumscribed by statute instead of being left in the limbo which police practice and the tolerant attitude of the Courts had fashioned for it. What we in our Bill sought to do, as I explained in the Second Reading debate, was to end the situation which then obtained in Scotland, namely that *because* the police had no power to detain, short of arrest, they too often used a mixture of vague threats and technical offences to compel the 'detainee' to choose between arrest or 'voluntary' assistance in police inquiries. And one of the problems with that situation was that the 'volunteer' had, in practical terms, no rights: what did he need with rights when he was there voluntarily!

If our modest Bill was the 'forerunner' of the Police and Criminal Evidence Bill then the amoeba was the forerunner of Charles Darwin.

Voice from beyond

Jeffrey Iverson, BBC, Cardiff

Alan Brien (*NS* 8 April) asks if he can hear from Jeffrey Iverson (producer of the 1976 BBC documentary 'The Bloxham Tapes' and author of 'More Lives Than One?'). He asks whether some of the 'Jane Evans' regressions under hypnosis could have been triggered by reading historical novels unearthed by researcher Melvin Harris?

To both questions, the answer is 'yes'. In film and book, I and others specifically stated that cryptomnesia (remembering under hypnosis some apparently forgotten novel or other fictional scenario) is a possible explanation for regressions to apparent past lives. Indeed, even excluding the novels now put forward by Mr Harris, the very texts that enabled us to check the historical accuracy of the regressions have always existed as potential, albeit quite obscure, source material.

That is the 'Catch 22' of all historical regressions as claimed evidence for re-incarnation. In the case of 'Jane Evans', I still have the transcripts of the background interviews Magnus Magnusson and I did with her to establish she had no conscious knowledge of source material. Today, she still says she has no knowledge of the texts unearthed by Mr Harris. My own view now is that because of the similarities of De Wohl's novel, *The Living Wood*, and the Livonia tape, this regression should be regarded as an example of cryptomnesia and not as any sort of evidence for re-incarnation.

Of course, all research can be fallible. Mr Brien refers to the hypnotist as the late 'Arnold Bloxham'. He means Arnall Bloxham.

A wider vision

Liz Heron, London N16

Before any further misconceptions arise in the wake of the letters from Dora Russell and Jean Stead, both referring to my recent article (*NS* 1 April), I want to put the record straight.

It wasn't my intention to suggest that women's struggles should be confined to the political organisations of the Left, as Dora Russell understood it. On the contrary, I concluded that this would be no solution to the current crisis of the women's movement.

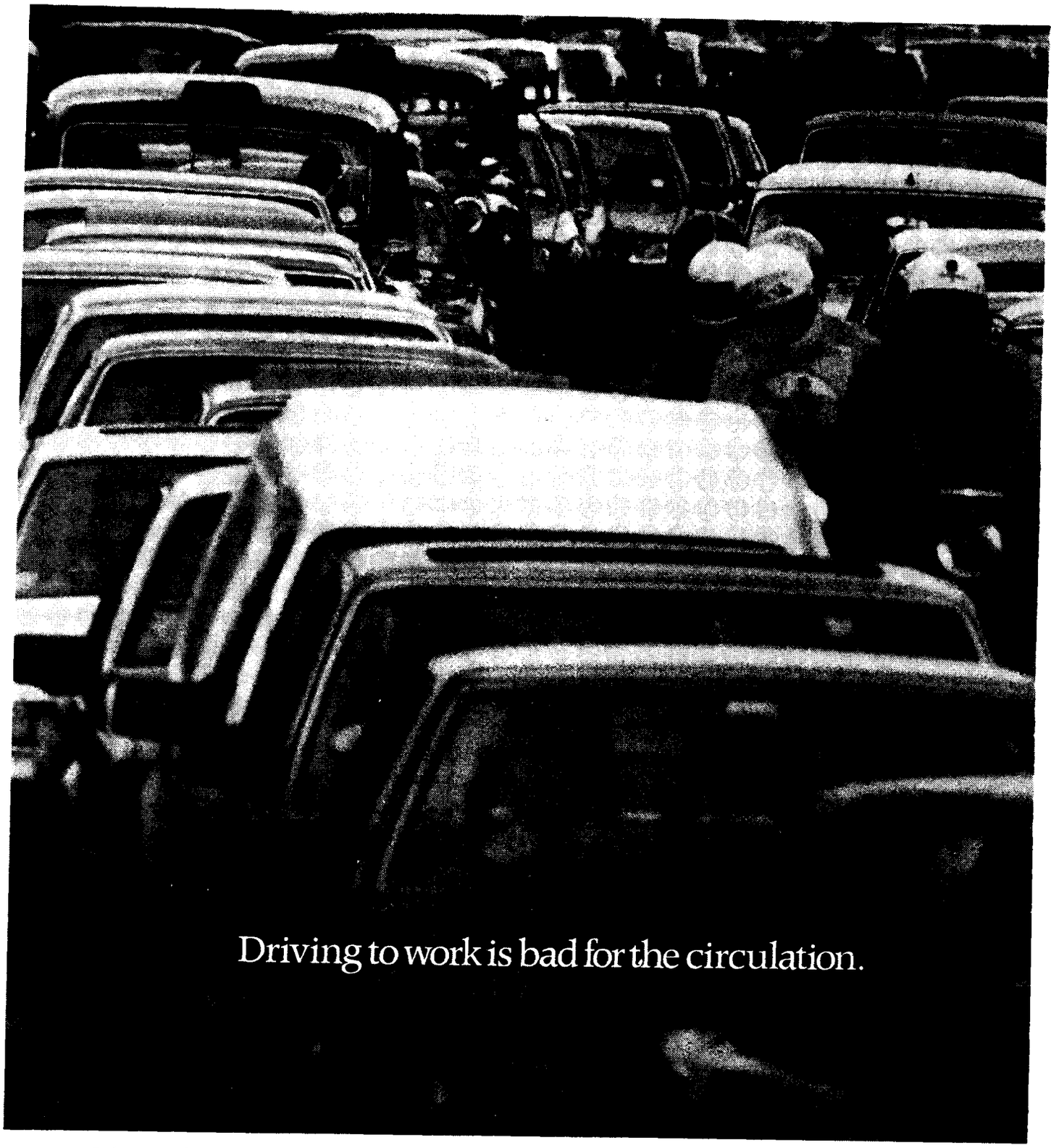
Jean Stead appears to take issue with me on the grounds of the need for women's separate organisation and activity. This is a necessity I would not dispute; while many feminists do cooperate with men in the knowledge that certain of our aims and interests meet, this is not incompatible with autonomous organisation and activity. But autonomy is not the same as 'separatism', which is the strategic or philosophical rejection of cooperation with men. While I am no advocate of separatism, I did assert the need for autonomy.

Jean Stead makes her point in relation to the women's peace movement. The women's peace movement is extremely heartening and important, but there are other issues beyond its immediate focus that are also of importance to feminists, and it was to some of those that I tried to address myself.

No relation

In last week's 'Victorian values' supplement we said that one of Samuel Smiles's sons married a daughter of Isabella Beeton. In fact, Smiles's son married one of Mrs Beeton's *sisters*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



What are the symptoms of poor traffic circulation? Clogged roads. Frayed tempers. Disrupted businesses.

They could all be avoided if we made more use of our buses.

Just three buses would replace all the cars in this picture, easily.

Unfortunately, what is happening in real life is that cars are replacing buses. It's no coincidence that in certain towns and cities where bus services have been cut, more and more cars are appearing in rush-hour traffic.

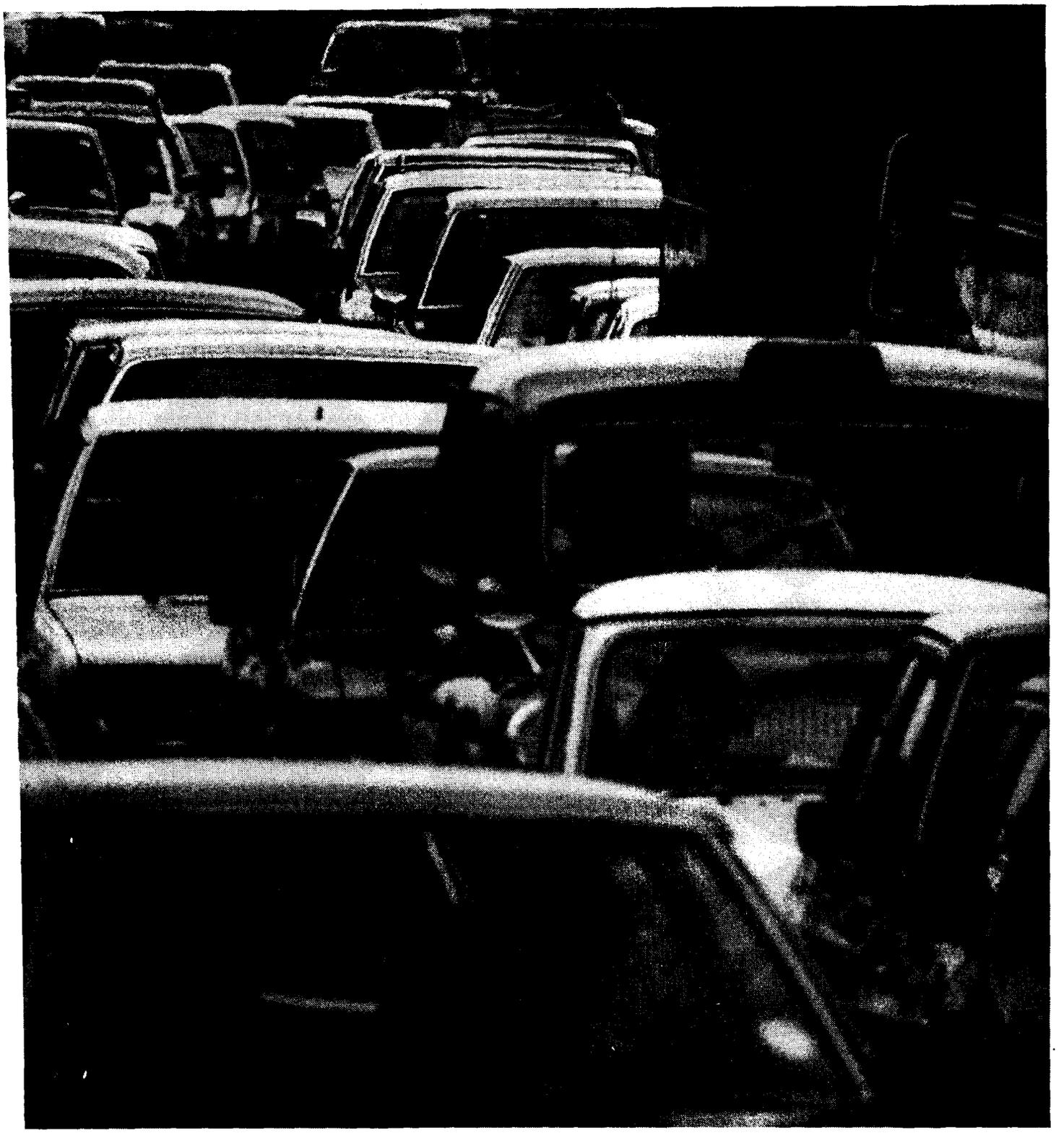
Of course, not everyone who's deprived of their bus service has a car.

In major towns 48% of households don't have one. 70% of British women don't even have a driving licence And what about those who are either too young or too old to drive? These are all people for whom a cut in bus services means more than being stuck in traffic.

It means being stuck at home.

Which is bad news for those businesses that depend upon the bus to transport their customers and staff. If towns and cities are to thrive, people must be able to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



move in and out of them with reasonable freedom. And that's where the bus comes in.

On land, it's the most fuel-efficient form of mechanized transport – 228 passenger miles to every gallon during peak times.

Yet it runs on lead-free fuel and emits less carbon monoxide per gallon than a petrol driven car.

It doesn't need expensive and unsightly urban motorways. It doesn't need multi-storey car parks. And it doesn't obstruct the highway by parking there all day.

A model citizen in fact.

Our free book has the details. It's required reading for anyone in the business of making towns work.

As opposed to making them jam.

For a complimentary copy of 'The Bus: The key to urban mobility' send this coupon to: Bus & Coach Council, Sardinia House, 52 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London WC2A 3LA. (Further copies are available from the same address at a cost of £1 per copy). Subject to availability.

Name _____

Address _____

NST3

We'd all miss the bus

BUS & COACH COUNCIL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Lucas

On the map

The Complete Poems 1927-1979
ELIZABETH BISHOP *Chatto* £10.95
111 Poems
CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON *Carcanet* £5.95
Poems and Versions
PADRAIC FALLON *Carcanet* £3.95

Elizabeth Bishop and Christopher Middleton

At the end of 'The Map', which is the first poem in her collected volume, Elizabeth Bishop asks:

> Are they assigned, or can the countries pick their colors?
> – What suits the character or the native waters best.
> Topography displays no favorites; North's as near as West.
> More delicate than the historians' are the map-makers' colors.

The neatness of form, the shapeliness, the quizzical wit: these essential virtues of hers are all found in the poem, and they have been often enough noted and applauded. And yet 'The Map' is remarkable not merely for its lovely technical skills but for its habit of mind, its subtlety of discriminations. The shimmering surface of Bishop's poems, their imagistic dazzle, makes it inevitable that the name of Vuillard is frequently invoked as a way of explaining her worth. But what strikes me as even more important is that her vision, or rather her determination to speculate, to pursue the possibility of exactness, is essentially moral.

You might call this a hunger for truth, except that the poise and grace of her poems can't be accounted for in terms of strenuous avidity. What she has, above all, is a clarity of perception warmed by love. Hence of course the radiant ending to 'The Fish'; and hence also her poem on Ezra Pound, 'Visits to St. Elizabeths', which is the subtlest, most scalpel-sharp and yet sympathetic study I know of that . . . but you have to read her turn-and-turn again poem to discover why, once you've come across it, every other statement about him seems partial or limited. The same holds true of her lovely poem to Marianne Moore, whom she rightly saw as very much a kindred spirit. (And when can we expect *her* Complete Poems?)

Bishop's intense, scrupulous desire to sift and balance feeling and thought reminds me of no-one so much as Henry James. Her best poems exhibit a mind that's tender, tough, alert to joy, pain, even horror. She has an ardent care for individuality, for letting countries choose their colours, but she knows that individuals and choices are everywhere and always vulnerable, under threat. 'The Armadillo' begins with her responding to the sheer loveliness of the 'illegal fire balloons': 'The paper chambers flush and fill with light', she writes, and you want to say the line again and again. But the balloons' illegality returns to haunt the poem. Falling, they are dangerous, as what is illegally lovely may be. The poem recognises, dwells on, the romantic appeal of the lawless; but it ends by recognising its possible cost:

> *Too pretty, dreamlike mimicry!*
> *O falling fire and piercing cry*
> *and panic, and a weak mailed fist*
> *clenched ignorant against the sky!*

In saying this I do not mean to imply that Bishop is a moralist in verse. It is true that in certain poems she moves towards the kind of reflective melancholy which Randall Jarrell always identified as moral wisdom and which partly explains his love for her work:

> I said to myself: three days
> and you'll be seven years old.
> I was saying it to stop
> the sensation of falling off
> the round, turning world
> into cold, blue-black space.

Yet the three-stress line is handled with such skilful strength that you know it won't become the token for an enervate, soft sadness. Besides, she does not moralise. On the contrary, she is the most natural of poets. She may write an occasional dull line, but she never writes an ugly one.

She also has a wonderful way with rhyme. There is a widely-held theory, especially popular among contemporary Marxists, that rhyme performs the same kind of function as a vicarage tea-party: it is ideologically contaminated, a forlorn liberal attempt to produce order or impose harmony and resolution. I would like such theorists to try to account for the rhymes of 'View of the Capitol', or 'Cirque d'Iver', or 'The Unbeliever', or 'The Roosters'. Not that the rhymes are the most wonderful thing about that truly wonderful poem which is, incidentally, more wittily vicious about male arrogance than any self-consciously feminist work I know.

In a month which sees the publication of Elizabeth Bishop's poems it is difficult to be fair to other poets. Yet Christopher Middleton is at his best so good that, Roy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fisher apart, he deserves to be praised as the only English poet I can think of who gives experimentalism a good name. Like Fisher he is *sui generis*. This is partly a matter of tone: cool, debonair, he possesses a wit that flickers with almost graspable significance, as in 'The Armadillos', a poem utterly unlike Elizabeth Bishop's, and yet with its own oddly cadenced yet authentic mode of utterance. (What is odd is also of course what is authentic.) It is impossible to quote from that poem, easy to quote from other, lesser poems. Middleton has a liking for the descriptive, and no matter how often you wish to nod agreemement at his keen understanding of Bonnard or Cézanne, for example, you eventually find yourself nodding off.

He is more entertaining, more alarming, more imaginative, when he gets away from earth for a while, or at least when he sets his mind to work on transforming the ordinariness of things. In this sense he is the most romantic of poets, as he is in his desire to bend forms to the contours of his own modes of speech. This can produce clusters of dull little lines – often composed of a single word – that hang about forlornly waiting to be jerked into life. But occasionally the current is unmistakably switched on and then the poem lives along its lines, as in 'A Drive in the Country/Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec', which at first glance looks as though Geoffrey Grigson has set out to imitate John Ashbery, but then turns out to be its own very special kind of poem:

> It is the way
> A definite hat plume centers everything
> On a still point in the sky.
>
> Or the hatcrowns compose
> One imaginary diagonal streaking off
> Into the sky's oblong blue; and it is nice,
> The way it slants against the lower
> Green diagonal of the field's edge.

Padraic Fallon's poems fall into more recognisable genres, of a kind that Irish poets have been developing during the last seventy years or so. It is a pity that their publication in England should have been so long delayed. (Fallon died in 1974 and his writing career began in the 1920s.) As you read your way through the volume you keep thinking, 'But I know this poem – or one very like it. Austin Clarke, Patrick Kavanagh, John Montague, they've all been here before.' They haven't of course, it is an accident of publishing history that makes it look as though Fallon is indebted to them. And when you look again you find that he has his own way of seeing and speaking about Ireland and the experience of being Irish.

It includes inevitably very mixed feelings about England, and these are teasingly explored in 'Encounter at Penshurst' where, 'shamelessly aquiver', he studies a miniature of Elizabeth I and finds himself drawn into some love act, forgetting 'the railing shrew' and 'Even the old raddled idol wishing England up/Out on the galleoned seas into/The new geography'. No English poet could possibly risk the expansiveness of Fallon's language in this poem; it would feel ridiculously coy or self-indulgent. His language is the best thing about him. Still, I have to say that I think it is put to best use in his translations. His version of Baudelaire's 'Parfum Exotique' is so good that it makes you wish he had translated more of *Les Fleurs du Mal* (after all, nobody else has been able to); and 'Two Mallarmé Things for Sue' is an astonishingly resourceful, witty reclamation of the spirit of that great poet. □

GERMANY
Paul Binding

How?

Germany 1918-1933
SIMON TAYLOR *Duckworth* £6.95
The Ninth of November
HANNELE ZURNDORFER *Quartet* £7.95
One Life is Not Enough
LORE WOLF *People's Publications* £5.95 & £2.25
How German Is It?
WALTER ABISH *Faber* £2.25

David Gascoyne once said that Hiroshima constituted a new event in the human consciousness. The same could be said of the ascendancy of Hitler to the German Chancellorship; it is impossible now to imagine a world in which this had not taken place. The 50th anniversary of Hitler's accession to power and the brouhaha over the 'diaries' have shown, if it needed showing, that the fascination and challenge have in no way diminished. We go on asking ourselves: how could it have happened?

Germany 1918-1933 will certainly assist in such an inquiry. It patiently traces the dissatisfactions and upheavals which made Nazi rule possible. It reminds us, briefly, of certain important and disconcerting aspects of Wilhelmine Germany. On 14 August 1914 only one member of the Reichstag

William Scammell

Jouissance

Having it both ways
I see, as usual. Praise
to the Crucifixion, and the Javanese.

I like those brilliant
white angelic Breton
peasants fluttering bonnets armoured *Bon!*

And though no connoisseur
of colour (since my Mother
handed down the fatal gene), the harder

you shout blue or brown
at breast and sky and hand
to bring the bourgeois greybeards tumbling down

and make red blood
a force for good –
the better to get lost in your symbolic wood!

It's not easy
importing delicacy
into a strict *Fuck off*. Nor, conversely,

getting the great
abstractions on their feet
and clocked on at the factory gate.

Here in the sticks
beyond the Lakes
(that other Cumbria no tourist ever makes

where Frizzington and Cleator Moor,
Pica, Broughton, Maryport
hang on the edge of England), someone saw

three youngsters, all
with a long pole
and hook, go fish bright dresses from beneath the door

of someone's new boutique.
The magistrates were speech-
less, numb as crows nailed to a copper beech

or Cézanne when (*Salut!*)
you pinched his fruit
and, smiling, murmured, 'What's the use of it?'

Hail then
to thee, Gauguin
from the Pension Fund. Bite in. Hang on

and we'll puzzle it out.
Mette sends love and hurt.
Have you found the colour yet from *is* to *ought?*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voted against the war-credits, Karl Liebknecht, future socialist martyr. Only 15 months before his negative vote, Liebknecht had declared to the assembly:

> You shout 'The Fatherland in danger!' yet it is not in danger from an external enemy, but from the most dangerous of internal enemies, the international armaments industry.

On 9 September the Chancellor of the time, von Bethmann Hollweg, was stating Germany's war aims:

> France must be so weakened that she will never rise again to the status of a great power . . . Belgium must, even if it remains a state, sink into vassal status . . . Luxembourg will become a German state.

The relevance of these quotations to the Germany of 20 years later scarcely needs elaborating.

Dr Taylor's book is particularly good on the doomed history of the Bavarian Soviet (and the brutality of the old-order Freikorps in repressing it) and on the tragic confrontations and antagonisms of the SDP and the German Communist party. The somewhat textbook nature of the prose is compensated for by the many and imaginative illustrations. We can learn a great deal from the photographs. Looking at an arrogant-faced French soldier guarding a truck of German coal bound for France as reparation, we can experience vicariously the fury of the average German of the time; pictures of box after box of paper money to be used as waste paper brings home the feeling of dislocation from sanity and order that hyper-inflation produced. And when we examine the photographs of SA men marching through the streets in shirts and ties, mocking Brüning's ban on uniforms, we can feel the confident insolence of these men.

Hannele Zürndorfer's memoir, **The Ninth of November,** begins roughly when the Taylor pictorial history ends. The author was born in 1925, and her happy girlhood was spent in a Germany whose government was deciding that the very existence of such as herself was an eradicable mistake. The date of the book's title refers, of course, to the *Kristallnacht* of 1938, authorised by Goebbels. The Zürndorfer family had so long been assimilated into Germany that it didn't feel itself any different from its Gentile neighbours. The neighbours probably didn't regard the Zürndorfers as 'different' from themselves either; but, on the other hand, when told to do so by the authorities, they seemed to forgo neighbourly solidarity fairly easily.

On November 9 the Zürndorfers were woken up at 3 a.m. by appalling crashings inside their flat; the Brownshirts had entered and were smashing anything they could lay their hands on. After the brutal invasion, Willi Karp, their tenant, came in and wept copiously: 'Oh I'm so ashamed. So ashamed . . . of my country . . . and of myself. Oh I'm so ashamed to be German.' Nevertheless he didn't come to the flat very often again.

Hannele Zürndorfer's book is remarkably lacking in bitterness, and she pays generous tribute to those Germans who stuck by her family. Lotte Wolf would undoubtedly have been one of them, had she belonged to their bourgeois circle. As it was she was a member of the German working-class, a wholly admirable and courageous woman, whose Communism was endorsed by a visit to the US in the Depression. Horrified by the treatment of Jews and Communists, she worked for underground movements, then moved to Paris, but when events overtook France her life was more endangered than ever. A good part of her book (a brief and unsophisticated autobiography) is taken up with accounts by left-wing Germans of their brutal imprisonment in concentration camps.

These camps were, inevitably, the destiny of Hannele Zürndorfer's parents. There they died. By that time Hannele and her sister had been separated from them for over three years, refugees in a sometimes hospitable, sometimes suspicious and resentful England. Perhaps the most moving part of *The Ninth of November* recounts young Hannele's feelings of exile from her parents and her reactions to letters she regularly received from them (even after war had been declared).

One cannot but wish that Hannele Zürndorfer had concentrated on this aspect of her story; her accounts of growing up as a refugee teenager in Hertfordshire tend to the diffuse and the over-sweet. But who could forget this letter from Hannele's mother, who had just celebrated her thirty-ninth birthday?

> . . . and your loving birthday letters arrived almost three weeks early, so early that I hoped and more than half-expected that there would be another letter from you for my birthday, which I am sad to say didn't happen. Therefore on the morning of my birthday Daddy once more handed out your letters, and once more I re-read them.

How German Is It? is a novel about contemporary Germany by a distinguished American writer of German-Jewish origin. It owes something to the autobiographical travelogue in its form; something too to the kind of pseudo-documentary film of which Altmann's *Nashville* is a supreme example. In it Ulrick, born in the War, returns to Germany after an absence in France, an absence necessary because of his involvement with underground activity. This is not the place to discuss the book's fictive success or otherwise; it is, in fact, a technically brilliant novel at times in danger of being defeated by its very brilliance. But as an impressionist picture of how rich, plate-glassed Germany is haunted by the ghosts of its violent and amoral past it could scarcely be surpassed.

And how German is all this? We in England are having now to endure vaunted illiberalism, popularly directed appeals to pride in our imperial past and in those 'values' that made it possible, must listen to overt declarations of a will to stamp out all that threatens the creation of some strange, unspecifiable, free-enterprise state monolith. It would be rather stupid not to acknowledge parallels. □

IF IT'S OUT OF PRINT

Our mail-order warehouse has over 100,000 titles in history, economics, politics, social-economic movements, Afro-Asian-Soviet affairs, war, revolution and peace.
We also buy books, pamphlets and periodicals
Phone 01-876 7254 or write (s.a.e. please)
Barnes High Street, London, SW13

TRY HAMMERSMITH BOOKS
Since 1948 a world-wide book service

LITERARY THEORY
Terence Hawkes

Skull caps

Literary Theory: An Introduction
TERRY EAGLETON *Blackwell* £15 & £4.95

As much goad as guide, Terry Eagleton's spirited introduction to literary theory has the sharp bite that only a trenchant and tough-minded argument can give. It puts an incisive and persuasive case: that in our society the discourses of literary criticism and of politics share a deep mutual involvement, so that to place something as ideologically sensitive as 'English' at the centre of a system of mass education implies and invokes relationships of real social power. Hence the urgency, the bitterness and the public interest in recent clashes over 'structuralism', 'deconstruction' and the like. At stake is not merely 'English', but the mysterious quality of *Englishness*: civilisation as we know it.

Eagleton puts his own cards firmly on the table and deals innocence out of the game. If criticism involves the continuation of politics by other means, there can be no criticism 'itself'. The even-handedness and neutrality beloved of examination boards exists only as a series of contrived stances or tricks of style masking a variety of prejudices. The most fundamental of these naturally sees theory as a foreign, intrusive body sullying the pure encounter between reader and text. But that pristine confrontation never really takes place. Some theory or other has us permanently in its anaesthetic grip and without it we would be unable to recognise a work of literature in the first place. Theory is the skull beneath criticism's skin.

As a result, Eagleton's insistently overt statement of his case functions as part of his argument as well as an effective stratagem in its deployment. The charge of partiality will of course always arise in a society reassured by the bellowing of academics in purple-faced pursuit of cool 'balance' and measured 'objectivity'. But the book pre-empts such blustering with its demonstration that terms of that sort constitute in themselves occasions of the political struggle on which it focuses. This in turn lends potency to its interrogation of the many similarly loaded concepts, such as 'tradition', 'taste', 'culture' and 'morality' in which much of our criticism still flagrantly traffics.

Rarely has a gaff been so productively blown. And the purchase on theory thus

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

afforded is mercilessly seized. From a withering account of the needs and presuppositions which led to the invention of an entity called 'literature', Eagleton goes on to show how a ruthlessly narrowed canon of texts became, for ideological reasons, the lynch-pin of the education system. After a series of shocks and challenges to an inherited sense of settled Englishness – they include the Dublin rising, the First World War, industrial unrest, major police strikes and the impact of the Bolshevik revolution – it is hardly surprising that the Newbolt Report of 1921 offered 'English' as a kind of field-dressing to bind the wounds.

Eagleton's brisk, sceptical survey of the whole subsequent spectrum of literary theory moves nimbly, using an admirably straightforward style. It is a brilliant, agile performance: urgent and racy, witty and combative, lucid and compelling. The complexity of William Empson's position has never been more subtly mapped, and it would be hard to find a clearer account of Husserl and Heidegger or a defter unpicking of the implications of empiricism – to cite only three areas where explication at this level tends to get bogged down in complexities and evasions. The larger issues, Phenomenology, Hermeneutics, Reception Theory, Structuralism, Semiotics and Post-structuralism undergo a no less stringent sifting.

The book concludes with a resolute, hard-headed application of its own logic to itself. Readers expecting a final commitment to a radical Marxist or feminist criticism will find themselves facing instead a kind of auto-destruction. Eagleton ends by calling for the dissolution of literary criticism altogether and its replacement by what might be termed the study of discourse or, to revive an older term, rhetoric. For if literature has no claim to an objective, unproblematic standing, how can literary theory survive? If 'English' is a non-subject, then its practitioners, wholly compromised by the social context in which they operate, function less as purveyors of knowledge than as custodians of a particular discourse. And that suggests that a far more profitable area of study lies in what Foucault has called 'discursive practice': the analysis of the way specific discourses are constituted and the manner in which they compete in the construction of cultural meaning. It is a struggle whose outcome determines the central priorities – in effect, the realities – of our way of life.

The issue raised by this final position is ultimately a tactical one. For whatever its logical justification, it involves the effective abandonment of what history has made into the high ground of the battlefield. It hands 'literature' and thus 'English' back to those who, rejecting the logic, will not hesitate to claim victory in the struggle. Eagleton's argument begins with the audacious insertion of the study of literature into history. The revelation (as it will seem to some) that the subject not only *has* a history, but is irrevocably part of the historical process, forges a weapon of immense, bracing power. But history also determines the ground on which that weapon can best be used. The battle remains to be fought. □

FICTION
Marion Glastonbury

Getting on

A Year at Hartlebury or The Election
BENJAMIN & SARAH DISRAELI *John Murray* £8.50
A Distant Country
PAUL FERRIS *Weidenfeld* £7.95
Apprentice
TOM GALLACHER *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95

'Were I a man', said Helen somewhat thoughtfully, 'I should like to be in parliament. It must be very exciting.'

'The dullest business in the world', observed Colonel Neville, 'when you are in. Trying to get in is some amusement.'

Topical reflections abound in **A Year at Hartlebury,** a piece of genteel 'silver fork' romance, unearthed with timely serendipity by scholars researching the authors' correspondence. In 1833, when the Disraelis, brother and sister, aged respectively 28 and 30, collaborated in the pseudonymous guise of a newly married couple, 'Cherry' and 'Fair Star', Benjamin had yet to enter Parliament. He had, however, already published four novels and unsuccessfully fought two elections, following his return from a tour of the Middle East. His travelling companion, betrothed to Sarah, had died of smallpox in Cairo. Hence the lurid denouement of this book in which the *moral* contagion of Oriental travel, the delayed effects of reckless acts committed abroad, prove the undoing of rival suitors.

In consigning these characters to nemesis, Sarah satisfied her mother's demand for poetic justice, to which Benjamin disdainfully assented, having by then relinquished all jurisdiction over the plot. Nevertheless, he retained sufficient interest in the manuscript to be incensed by the publisher's disparagement of his own, unidentified, contribution: 'All the Election part they think most weak. I longed to tell that I wrote it.'

The candidate, Aubrey Bohun, an Independent patriot, commands respect from the Tories and adoration from the populace by force of will, genius, eloquence, ancient lineage, vast fortune and local roots. His opponent, Prigmore, a lawyer from London, has so little stake in the country that he ignobly arrives at the hustings by public transport. Yet so entrenched is the High Street oligarchy of low, calculating, sectarian Whigs that the poll would have yielded a draw but for the entreaties of a rural squire's beautiful daughter, who prevails upon a parvenu manufacturer to transfer his casting vote.

Both Bohun and his agent are in love with Helen Molesworth, and no wonder. She vindicates their claim to govern by behaving exactly as the landed gentry should, spurning the lure of the metropolis and setting an example of faithful stewardship: endowing a school, commending good husbandry, dispensing jelly to ailing housewives and supervising death-beds. Where paternalism prospers, reform has no place. Who needs new-fangled political economy when every cottage is tidied and every village ordered by patrician vigilance?

'Jenkins! What a name. I am sure I should never think of keeping a promise to a man called Jenkins.' The name from which Disraeli's aspiring ladies recoiled is not always compatible with love and loyalty. Both are showered upon the hero of **A Distant Country** by Paul Ferris.

Suave Harry Jenkins, a senior official of the National Energy Board, revisits the land of his fathers where an abandoned pit is to be reopened in the teeth of opposition, notably from nationalists intent on preserving a sacred Celtic site. Missing his young English Rose in their handsome Surrey home, the expatriate finds his own past deep-mined by a Welsh girl who reminds him of his first wife and brings his trouble-shooting mission to the brink of disaster.

Paul Ferris is an accomplished journalist and a dab hand at constructing thrillers with a crowded panoramic view. The scene is set, the cast assembled, the shafts sunk, the beds made and the action sustained with great speed and efficiency. The author concedes in a foreword that his fictional Vivianstown owes something to Swansea where he was born; but, by a curious paradox, his deft documentation of the place undermines its plausibility, for he arouses expectations of literal truth rather than imaginative verisimilitude. South Wales is noted for its municipal dramas, but none of them results, sad to say, from the renewed exploitation of reserves of coal.

Ferris's style and Harry's manner are defined by implication when Rose finds fault with a friend's first novel, on the grounds that the male lead appears 'incredibly wet. He's always fumbling with his ladies. Make him get on with it . . . . pull his socks up.' Yet too many taut socks and brisk manoeuvres and curt apothegms from wry, world-weary, knowing mouths can put a certain premium on wetness behind the ears. The five poignant stories of Tom Gallacher's **Apprentice** recall the youth of a naval engineer who served his time on Clydeside in the Fifties. As a newly arrived 16-year-old from a refined Sussex family, Billy Thompson is ignorant of everything he needs to know, from the hierarchy of the yard to the layout of his lodgings.

He writes down what he learns from his landlady, her neighbours, strangers in pubs, his mates at the Tech 'as if they existed only for my benefit', and, because he is being taught to follow in his father's footsteps, he worries about the effect upon the young of their parents' hopes. Most of all, he wants to see wishes granted, goodness appreciated, promise fulfilled. But only his own life goes according to plan, and he has no illusions about what he becomes: 'a sort of turncoat who'd trained with the men who built ships then went over to the side of the men who merely bought them.' □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Eisenhower Diaries

ed. ROBERT H. FERRELL
W. W. Norton £15.25

In July 1953 President Eisenhower confided to his diary some thoughts about Hollywood and its denizens. It was true that the motion picture industry had gone through a hard time, he conceded: 'Nevertheless the American public is still keenly aware of the fact that much of the cost of motion pictures has gone into extravagant and almost senseless competition, and the salaries of the so-called "stars" whose qualifications are normally nothing more (in the case of the women) than platinum hair and shapely legs, or men with good profiles and vibrating voices.'

'I have personally met a number of these people', continued Ike with a sniff, 'and those with whom it is a pleasure to talk informally constitute a very small portion of the whole.' Such, bearing in mind that Ronald Reagan was then still serving the screen acting profession as its elected representative, was the considered opinion of the 33rd President of the United States on the 39th. Ike could be like that: dismissively sharp about those who didn't share his old-fashioned ideals of duty, patriotism and plain living. He could also be obsequiously fulsome about businessmen, who impressed him. His diaries are full of turgid compliments applied to 'fine individuals' whose only qualification was that they had made a great deal of money.

Not surprisingly, these diaries are an uneven read. Ike lived through so much, so close to the action, from his days as MacArthur's staff officer in the Philippines through the high military and alliance politics of World War II to the White House, that his own personal impressions of events, written or dictated (he never succeeded in learning to type) at the time, have great interest and will come to have some value. On the other hand Ike had already written his own version of many of these events in *Crusade in Europe;* parts of the diaries have already been published by other historians; and the diaries now published, though fuller than what has so far appeared, are intermittent and sometimes scrappy. They have been poorly edited by Robert H. Ferrell, a professor at the University of Indiana whose grasp of the history of the War is revealed by the way he has the Eighth Army fighting with its back to Cairo one moment, then, with no mention of the battle of El Alamein, has it inexplicably present in Tunisia.

This is probably going to end up as an addition to the resources of specialists in the history of the Second World War and the postwar period, rather than as a widely read book. Which is a pity, because it does speak in the quietly confident voice of the last man who was consistently able to drive the mechanisms of the most important political office in the world. He was also, unlike several of his superiors (and for all he was quirky, conservative, short-tempered and gauche), about the sanest military hero in history.

Godfrey Hodgson

The Corsican Time-Bomb

ROBERT RAMSAY *Manchester* £21

A good study in English of Corsica's recent history has long been overdue. Robert Ramsay's book does not alter this necessity. A senior administrator at the Northern Ireland Office who looks at Corsica for a Southern European version of Northern Ireland can hardly be credible in his role of self-appointed 'neutral observer' especially when he makes clear where his sympathies, as an Ulsterman, lie.

What is happening in Corsica is only one demonstration of the past inadequacies of the French central power in coping with the cultural, economic and political aspirations of the peripheral regions of France. If parallels are to be found, they are more likely to lie within Brittany, Alsace, Occitania or the French Basque country than with Northern Ireland.

In his search for elusive Irish similarities the author offers us a distorted picture of the Corsican problem as evidenced by the fact that the role and importance of the Corsican National Liberation Front (FNLC) in shaping the island's future is blown up out of all proportion in the book.

The Corsican population is not composed of heterogeneous groups locked in mortal combat. The profound cultural, economic and political mutations it is experiencing are so many sources of conflict and in a way are a sure sign of vitality. The socialist government which, when it came to power, could not be identified with any of the new competing factions of the island, has been able to implement a new policy embodied in a special status for Corsica. Last summer, the main autonomist groups (The Union of the Corsican People led by Edmond Simeoni and the Consulti di i Cumitati Naziunalisti) participated in elections for a regional assembly and made impressive gains. Most Corsicans seem willing to give the assembly a chance.

Daniel Spagni

Minor Characters

JOYCE JOHNSON *Harvill* £7.95 *Picador* £2.50

The Beat Generation has now so comfortably passed into the realms of cultural history and doctoral theses that it is exhilarating to read a book which restores a sense of its personal implications. Joyce Johnson's memoir, centred round her straggling affair with Jack Kerouac about the time of the sensational publication of *On the Road* in 1957, is clear-eyed about the legend. She records the intellectual and spiritual grittiness that the Beats' more passive hippie successors lacked, but also suggests their painful failures of emancipation. Nothing, however, disturbs the elegiac and melancholy style in which this book is written. The ironies may be searing, but they are only delicately pointed. Kerouac himself, 'never successfully rootless', devoted to his domineering mother, piling his rucksack with hamburgers and other detritus of Fifties America, emerges as a nervous, rather than a free soul, a hobo worried enough about worldly success to wait on the street for the *New York Times* review of his novel to appear, and cynical enough to exploit his public image on the first television chat shows. Ms Johnson portrays herself as a nice Jewish girl, thrilled by 'the moral ecstasy of self-denial' in Henry James, who allowed herself to fall victim to what now seems the most blatant of male sexual manoeuvrings, after meeting Kerouac on a blind date arranged by Allen Ginsberg.

As with all Bohemianisms seen in retrospect, a strange innocence and isolation hang over the Beats' soulful intensities. The America of McCarthy or the Civil Rights Movement is far away. Literature is conceived as part of a Buddhist-tinged philosophy of self-discovery, with the road, the continent and drugs as its basic reference-points. Only in personal relationships, specifically in the 'serious and anxious act' of sex, were the Beat women allowed to come into their own. Otherwise they were the 'minor characters' of the title, playing purely supportive secondary roles – a fact the author faces without bitterness. A number of early and obscure deaths makes the inevitable poignant ending, but Joyce Johnson is a strong survivor, and a writer to be reckoned with.

Rupert Christiansen

America on Five Valium a Day

LINDA BLANDFORD *Methuen* £7.95

The flippancy of the title is insulting. This may not be the most profound assessment ever made of the United States, but London-born journalist Linda Blandford reports back from that country with a bitterness that ends by burning black ragged holes in her text.

For a page or two, the writing is perfectly dapper: a crisp portfolio of sketches, originally produced for the *Guardian*, of the cabbalistic intricacies of apartment hunting in Manhattan; or the problems of coping with humidifiers and a shower with a 'tension-soothing massage attachment'. Soon, however, the smell of scorching becomes too acrid to ignore – as Blandford describes a lynch-mob gathering of West Side 'liberals' determined to resist the arrival in their area of a 'post-psychiatric socialization facility'. The row, she perceives,

> isn't over 'dangerous mental patients who might attack children and old people'. It's about property values; about what might happen to the prices of those marble-halled apartment blocks. It might be all right if it was a facility for private, $100-an-hour patients, for the nice white middle-class sick . . . But, alas, the Bridge is for the poor and, here's the rub, most of them black and Hispanic.

Released, the anger intensifies. The 'liberals' ' abuse of their Caribbean maids (whose insecure right to residency makes them especially vulnerable); the bored sophistication of middle-class children; the universal competitiveness and consumerism; the nauseating TV evangelists – all feed Blandford's vitriol.

And attractive anger it undoubtedly is; preferable by a long chalk to the blotting-paper non-judgment with which so many expatriates accept the charms of an alien culture (so long as it doesn't inconvenience themselves). Yet, there are aspects that niggle. The author's attack on middle-class New York materialism contains no small amount of snobbery – the particularly English brand that holds that anything new, efficient or convenient cannot help but be 'vulgar'. Take, for example, this contrast of opposites (there are no prizes for guessing to which one Blandford gives her approval):

> The New York mother dousing the Fischer-Price toys nightly in disinfectant, rushing thrice daily to the behavioural baby books, scrubbing apple juice marks from the French beige fitted carpets . . . The English Earth Mother, sitting in her basement kitchen surrounded by whole-wheat bread and honey, Ribena and rows of Penguin paperbacks . . .

Indirect snobbery, direct romanticism and (perhaps most important of all) an obsession with effect which precludes any thought as to cause, keep the book smouldering and sparking, when it should have burst into flame.

Harriett Gilbert

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS
John Coleman

Monstrous

Return of the Jedi (U)
Dominion; Leicester Square Theatre; Odeon, Marble Arch
Android (15)
Warner; Studio; Screen on the Green; Classic, Chelsea
Jacques Becker Season
NFT, 2-30 June

One of the biggest cinematic cons of all time goes on its noisy, mindless way. Better to admit right off that I quite enjoyed *Star Wars* back in 1977, with a special plea that it was the bickering antics of those oddly paired robots (See-Threepio, coming on like a finical Hollywood butler, and Artoo-Detoo, a squashed Dalek emitting plaintive or mischievous bleeps) which did most to keep me entertained. But the hardware and trick-effects got a thumbs-up, too. With *The Empire Strikes Back* three years later and the realisation that this was merely the second episode in a projected nine-part epic – or rather the fifth, since *Star Wars* was to be regarded as the Fourth and George Lucas, prime mover of the revels, turned out to have cracked off *in medias res* – well, those thumbs began to point in a less optimistic direction. I wrote pretty moodily about 'delusions of significance' and a dimunition of gaiety. It was becoming clear that the convenient prefatory title rolling back into the recesses of the screen – 'A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away . . . ' – was the start of the Sting: most people talk about these zapping, mechanical movies as if they were pure science-fiction, barely noticing that the crucial 'ago' implies past events. What wily Mr Lucas has always been doing, of course, is to blend s-f with sword-and-sorcery.

That he thereby gets the worst of both worlds is immediately apparent in the resoundingly hollow and rootless **Return of the Jedi,** 'Episode VI' and presumably the concluding item in the central trilogy of films. The thought of six more such is enough to drive a reviewer to hemlock. They may well receive two-liners. Leaving Mr Lucas to quake in his Guccis at *that* prospect, we shall now – as a terminal public service – read the news. First off, there is the rescue of Han Solo (Harrison Ford), last seen frozen in carbonite and now a sort of *bas-relief* wall decoration in the throne room of Jabba the Hutt, an evil, massive Humpty Dumpty formed (it would seem) of grinning veal. They have really gone to some nightmare toytown for the abundance of monsters on view. Jabba's majordomo is festooned with fleshy tubes like someone at an intermediate stage of plastic surgery. However, Solo thawed out

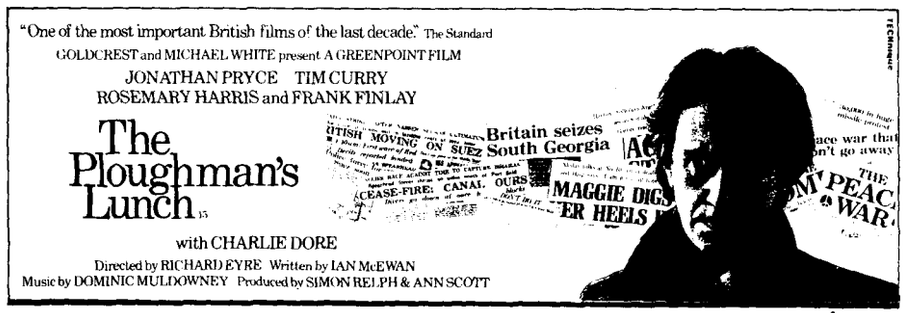
Defrosted Solo with the 'unappealing' Leia

and the unappealing Carrie Fisher's Princess Leia having resourcefully strangled the Hutt with her slave-girl neck-chain, our heroes – Mark Hamill's Luke Skywalker, Billy Dee Williams's Lando Calrissian, Peter Mayhew's hirsute Chewbacca, and the robots – are ready to renew their rebellion against the reconstituted power of the wrinkled, red-eyed old Emperor and his black-visored warlord Darth Vader (body, David Prowse – voice, James Earl Jones: no expense spared), ex-Jedi Knight.

Guinness as old dead Ben Kenobi mistily materialises to Luke with words of comfort, and there is a visit to sweet, pointy-eared and dying Yoda, now 900 and ready to go. Mutterings about the Force may be caught, Luke is warned he must know failure before achieving full Jedi-hood, he nearly does in a bout of electric twitching but his dad (whose unexpected identity was revealed in *The Empire*) cracks and hurls his tormentor down one of those limitless holes with which these tales and their scripts are so generously provided. Connoisseurs of hardware may relish vast hangars packed with spaceships and Nazi-style workers, long zooming rides down laser-streaked tunnels, the skilled trickery of hovercraft motorbikes in weaving chase through a tall-tree'd forest. Before the final explosion of a bad new planet, old Leia has also learnt something about her parentage which cheers up amorous Solo no end. As to the freak creatures, what chiefly infuriates me is their absolute Muppet-show arbitrariness, the deliberate introduction of such a variety of mutations. I swear Calrissian's co-pilot on a death-or-glory mission is a ringer for Dopey of those Disney dwarfs.

What will amuse the kids is a whole crowd of good beasties, living tree-house lives and resembling teddy bears with chow faces, cute as hell but lent a kind of Robin Hood merriment. The piece is officially directed by Richard Marquand (last outing the unthreadable *Eye of the Needle),* who has imperishably uttered as follows: 'Having George Lucas as executive producer is like directing *King Lear* with Shakespeare in the next room.' One definition of a point is: that which has position but no magnitude. Mr Lucas's tumorous brain-child neatly inverts this, having magnitude to a fault but no position and no point.

Aaron Lipstadt comes from a long line of disciples of Roger Corman, guru of low-budget quickies, and his 80-minute first feature **Android** has all the charm, clarity, economy of means, humour and surprises lacking in the Lucas. Klaus Kinski is the archetypal mad scientist, creating a perfect android woman on a largely forgotten space station (year 2036) abruptly invaded by three baddies. The attractive centre of what ensues is Kinski's mild assistant Max, fumblingly learning about sex from a diagrammatic video, watching a snatch of Lang's *Metropolis,* awkwardly donning a James Stewart hat after a clip from *It's a Wonderful Life,* taken pleasantly aback when the woman among the crooks tries to seduce him. There are some good twists, one a positive wrench, in this promising debut. The NFT has broached a Jacques Becker retrospective this Thursday with *The Last Trump (Dernier Atout).* See, if you can, his wild peasant melo, *Goupi-Mains-Rouges,* on 6 June. Observations on the best of Becker, which is marvellous, can wait till next week. □


"One of the most important British films of the last decade." The Standard
GOLDCREST and MICHAEL WHITE present A GREENPOINT FILM
JONATHAN PRYCE TIM CURRY
ROSEMARY HARRIS and FRANK FINLAY
The Ploughman's Lunch
with CHARLIE DORE
Directed by RICHARD EYRE Written by IAN McEWAN
Music by DOMINIC MULDOWNEY Produced by SIMON RELPH & ANN SCOTT
Britain seizes South Georgia
MAGGIE DIG
Now Showing at: CAT CINEMA NOTTING HILL 221-0220 727-5750
RELEASED BY Virgin FILMS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROCK MUSIC
Mary Harron

Dressing up

A FEW MONTHS ago I turned on the radio and heard a strangely familar voice. That slightly camp, nasal whine, that comically lecherous, insinuating tone . . . Of course – Benny Hill, with some weird new novelty record. Actually it was Malcolm McLaren, the Sex Pistols' manager, with his first single, 'Buffalo Gals', an exotic mixture of square-dance calls and New York DJs rapping. The comparison with Benny Hill is not far off, granted McLaren's new-found status as loveable rogue; and I still think they sound alike.

Malcolm McLaren is the most famous and influential manager that British rock music has ever seen, creator not just of a group but of a movement. Now he has fulfilled every manager's secret dream of becoming a star and a performer in his own right. Meanwhile a gradual critical rehabilitation has been taking place.

In the late Seventies McLaren was seen in the rock press as a sinister unknown quantity, a brilliant rock Svengali, the unacceptable face of the Sex Pistols. The fans blamed him for the death of Sid Vicious from a heroin overdose, and by the end of the Seventies he was most often cast as the man who had spoiled the pure spirit of punk (i.e. the angry yet moral voice of working-class youth) with a lot of sleazy publicity stunts.

McLaren is both inspired and sleazy, which makes him a perfect representative for pop. His greatest gift is for sensing the mood of the future and then creating vivid images which are seized on, imitated and reworked, setting off a social chain reaction. McLaren enjoys making images for himself, too. When the Sex Pistols' story was turned into the film, *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle*, he played the same 'Malcolm McLaren' we read about in the *Mirror* and the *Sun*: the cynical con man who foisted a worthless group on the music industry and ran off with a fortune. This was perversity, but it was also wish-fulfilment – McLaren is actually a terrible businessman and he has never had much gift for capitalising on his great ideas. His present image, as philosopher-pirate, seizing ideas here and there and spinning them back, is better suited to a man with wonderful instincts and no organisational skills.

McLaren started as the owner of a King's Road clothes shop and understands better than anyone British pop fashion and how serious it is. ('Once a haberdasher, always a haberdasher', as Johnny Rotten said.) In an interview in this month's *Face* he says:

> Never forget that clothes are things in England that make your heart beat! There's a constant desperate attempt to step out; that's why the visual looks of groups are more important than the music . . . that's the only way you can step out of your environment . . . But what's interesting about England right now is there's a definite attempt to get involved with the Third World: to wear an African dress, and put it with a Dominican hat, throw in some Peruvian beads, and wear make-up like one of the tribes of New Guinea – simply because we have to go even further to demonstrate that we want to get out of this island mentality, this village we live in, and relate ourselves to those taboos and magical things we believe we've lost.

Dressing up in imported clothes does not mean you are 'involved' with the Third World, but McLaren has spotted something. Marshall McLuhan's talk of an electronic global village, so derided in the Seventies, has come true. With radio and television reaching into the remotest corners, there is no such thing as a 'pure' culture outside the Amazonian rain forests (rapidly discovering Coca-Cola). This is true for Britain, as much as for Africa, and it is for that reason more than any other that any attempt to recreate Victorian values and social structure is bound to fail: too many other cultural images are flooding in.

For McLaren, exotic images offer his audience an imaginative escape: body paint and head-dresses in the streets of Liverpool acting as a symbolic resistance. Meanwhile with *Duck Rock* he has created his vision of a global radio station. It starts with a sacred song from the Dominican Republic, moves through a black New York school girls' skipping rhyme to Zulu chants to Merengue, 'a fusion of African and Caribbean beats', to Tennessee fiddlers. There is even a wonderful Zulu version of the Sex Pistols' story called 'Punk It Up'.

All this is linked by taped snatches of two New York DJs known as the World Famous Supreme Team giving radio broadcasts. This is dangerous in so far as it gives the album a 'novelty' feel, but the greatest weakness is the way McLaren's ducklike vocals are plastered over the top. The album irritates but it is also rich and strange; although, as with short-wave radio, the music of different settings and cultures is heard without context, appreciated simply as a display of the exotic.

As he did with the Burundi drummers, McLaren has introduced new treasures to plunder. We should question an attitude which places urban black Manhattan disc jockeys next to Zulu tribesman because they're both so *vital* – i.e. primitive, in touch with the sources of life, with ritual and incantation. What it does do, however, is place British pop as one music among many; even if producer Trevor Horn has added pretty synthesiser overlays which make the tribal drumming more accessible but are a trifle kitsch.

The word 'irreverent' is used now for McLaren, a sure sign that everyone thinks he's jolly amusing rather than offensive. However subversive the philosophy behind *Duck Rock* may be, promoting ethnic culture and clothes is a perfectly respectable occupation: we shall have to wait and see how serious the uses of this fashion become. □

THEATRE
Benedict Nightingale

Hand to mouth

Comedy Without a Title
RUZANTE *Lyric, Hammersmith*
They Came from Somewhere Else
Lyric Studio, Hammersmith
Bugsy Malone
ALAN PARKER and PAUL WILLIAMS
Her Majesty's

Il Ruzante, or the Frisky One, was the professional name of Angelo Beolco, an early 16th-century Paduan whom the theatrical histories applaud for his blunt yet sympathetic depiction of peasant life. Something of his tang and timbre may be gauged from the ending of the first of the four plays Mike Alfreds has adapted from his collected works. A woman's husband has been killed, by the best friend on whose behalf he went a-wooing, only to barter a little sex on the side for himself. And does she lament, does she mourn? Yes, briefly and unsentimentally. She sadly recalls that 'if I let out a fart, you would say, God bless you'. Then she finds herself another man and goes off with him. 'Everyone looks after their own interests' is the moral, or at least the parting shot.

And why not? This is a hand-to-mouth world, and cataclysm may strike even the cautious and provident at any moment. Always there are wars, always the threat of a bad winter, always predators ready to steal the people you need or want. A starving peasant contemplates bunging up his bottom to stop the food escaping, then decides to eat himself and so die with a full stomach. A soldier escapes the slaughter ('I say whoever tries to save himself is the brave man') only to find his woman in thrall to a thug, who beats him up. A deserted husband accidentally kills the old man who has nabbed his wife. In the villages around Padua only the fit survive, by adapting without fuss or fine sentiment to whatever nature – animal, vegetable or mineral – has to hurl at them; and even that may not be enough.

Shared Experience has done well to dig these unblinking, unflinching yet not unhumorous chronicles out of the archives; but not well to allow the first of them to ramble on quite so long. One is beginning to file Ruzante away in that part of the mind one reserves for the worthy but dull by the time his real strengths, directness, succinctness and so on become apparent. But become apparent they then proceed to do, thanks to the unaffected energies of Philip Voss, James Smith and the other members of Alfred's cast. In fact, it is difficult to think of an English dramatist to compare with Ruzante at his best. Shakespeare, I suppose, sometimes wrote about the unadorned id with a similar wry relish. Shut your eyes,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Mr Smith's skinny soldier sounds uncannily like Falstaff in both his candour and his self-serving fibs. But not even Shakespeare achieved the same worm's-eye view of the soil and the creatures who inhabit it, burrow around in it, and count themselves lucky if they're more than a turnip's width from disaster.

As there's no good reason for anyone to know, **They Came from Somewhere Else** is a spoof on sci-fi kitsch by a group called Cliff Hanger; and, as everyone already knows, **Bugsy Malone** is a spoof on the speakeasy culture of 1929, performed by 10- to 16-year-olds. If your stomach could tolerate Alan Parker's original film, you are unlikely to be nauseated by Michael Dolenz's stage adaptation. After all, the main difference, as far as event is concerned, is simply that the two-dimensional has become three-dimensional. Yet it must also be admitted that the switch of medium hasn't occurred without loss. For instance, a pedal-car chase and similar spectacle is inevitably feebler. For instance, in the cinema the back of the dress-circle didn't have to fall to its knees, or even to its ankles, to see what was happening on top of a three-tier set.

But the real problem is that Mr Dolenz hasn't cameras, sound-recording equipment, cutting-rooms and other such means of ensuring focus, fluency and slickness. Indeed, he has trouble making his mites audible, at any rate when they are speaking. When they are singing, we can hear them all right, because they are actually mouthing and miming over the sound of adult voices offstage. But that is an awkward compromise, since it means that a tot who at one moment is chirruping like a cricket may the next be thundering like King Kong; and it only confirms my view that Her Majesty's is altogether too cavernous a fun-palace for even gifted and winsome Lilliputians, which some of the 50 on display undoubtedly are. □

MUSIC
Andrew Clements

Hard stuff

The Music of Elliott Carter
DAVID SCHIFF *Eulenburg Books* £22.50

No contemporary composer demands detailed and partisan explication more than Elliott Carter. He seems unclassifiable, a phenomenon of undeniable artistic greatness whose music at the same time raises profound problems of comprehension and aural digestion; finding a way into Carter's scores is the fundamental barrier for many first-time listeners, and a good proportion of them do not probe farther. In the context of European music since 1945 such a refractory persona would not be unexpected, but Carter's background – a thorough schooling in American neo-classicism in the 1930s, struggle against the populism of the New Deal, and the deferment of a distinctive personality until after the Second World War – does not seem at first sight a particularly likely nursery for a radical. It is the precise extent of Carter's radicalism that presents many of the difficulties: to what degree do traditional (that is neo-classical) concepts of gesture penetrate a music whose formal, rhythmic and harmonic structures are highly wrought, essentially modernist inventions?

David Schiff's copiously furnished book certainly provides both detail and partisanship. It has been promised for several years now, and its eventual publication confirms the care that has been taken; everything Carter wrote up to *Night Fantasies* for piano of 1980 is documented and discussed. The most valuable chapters are the introductory ones, which carefully classify and exemplify Carter's treatment of form and rhythm (the two inextricably intertwined in his music) and harmony and texture. The comprehensiveness of this section is invaluable, for it enables Schiff to deal with each major work in the knowledge that common ground need not be reiterated. It allows him the space to concentrate on aspects unique to each work – the literary inspirations behind the double concerto for piano and harpsichord, Carter's most unassailable masterpiece, the intricate textural and temporal layering of the concerto for orchestra, the precise relationship between the *Symphony of Three Orchestras* and Hart Crane's epic poem *The Bridge*.

Such explanations are given added weight by the knowledge that Schiff's study was carefully supervised by the composer; it is the great strength of the book and also the source of its serious weakness. The approach is oriented too much towards the

GLC
Arts
Grants

Important Announcement
COMMUNITY ARTS

The closing date in 1983 for the receipt of all Community Arts applications will be 30 JUNE 1983.

NB: This announcement does not affect applications for non-community or ethnic arts grant aid.

Applications are particularly encouraged from photography and poster projects, community book shops/publishing, music and cable communication facilities, and film and video projects.

As substantial numbers of applications have already been received from drama companies, further applications in this category are unlikely to be successful.

For an application form ring 01-633 2361/2 or write to Department for Recreation and the Arts, RA/GR, Room 669, The County Hall, London SE1 7PB.

GLC
Working for London

277

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mechanics of each composition; Schiff has had the opportunity to study Carter's notebooks and harmony charts until he has absorbed and regurgitated every detail of pre-planning. It is significant that the discussion of each work becomes less extensive as the book moves forward chronologically and as basic compositional parameters break less new ground. The aesthetic problems and achievements of each score are accorded little space. The lapses into richly metaphorical description at such points are out of place in such a deterministic essay as this; they would make highly effective programme notes, but that is all.

The consequence is that the puzzled listener will receive no help from Schiff in disentangling works such as the piano concerto and the violin duo, rebarbative scores that are especially difficult. This is designed as a book for the already converted, which no doubt explains the utter lack of criticism of any aspects of Carter's output. There are mild reproofs for miscalculations in the 'pre-historic' Carter, the period before the piano and cello sonatas of 1946 and 1948, but that is all. Perhaps Schiff genuinely regards everything written since then to be on the same, elevated level of achievement, but he does his subject a disservice by failing to note the relative thinness of the recent vocal works, and the inability of Carter's technique, evolved over 30 years in purely instrumental terms, to find a vocal analogue. The inferiority of his vocal settings is emphasised in the recent Robert Lowell cycle, *In Sleep, In Thunder* (commissioned last year by the London Sinfonietta, and thus falling outside the purview of Schiff's study), but it was apparent already in *A Mirror On Which To Dwell*, settings of Elizabeth Bishop, which he does discuss. It is no accident that the most convincing of Carter's vocal works to date has been the John Ashbery *Syringa*, in which significantly Carter treats the soprano and bass almost as additional instrumental lines. The result is one of his finest works.

Perhaps at this stage in the general acceptance and habilitation of Elliott Carter's music, such a bright-eyed approach is precisely what is needed. Yet there is no point in papering over the difficulties; were the works more instantly accessible, they would no doubt be less satisfying. Schiff has achieved a great deal; it could so easily have been much more. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Knife edge

FIRST IN A series of documentaries called **The Visit** (BBC-1) was that of a family to their handicapped daughter in the home she has just started in. At one point the highly articulate mother declined an invitation to stop the filming in order to talk on through her tears, fascinated by her own evolving and contradictory emotions, as was I: 'I took it for a long time, the hair-pulling, the spitting, then I'd be bending over her and I'd think, "I hate you, I hate you". I used to fantasise about a cot-death and end up sobbing into the pillow, dying to see her again.' When the family heard about the home, 'part of me began to dream about life without her. We could go to restaurants. We could be an ordinary family. On the other hand, I had created this person and I didn't want any therapist to take away the guilt. I wanted to carry it as a punishment.' Going on the waiting list seemed like a possible compromise, but a place came up within two months: 'It was a period of slow dying. Leaving her was a coffin lid closing.' Both parents felt like conspirators: 'The last thing two murderers talk about is the murder. If we do talk, it soon degenerates. We get tetchy, then we back off.'

Like criminals, these innocent people now live on a knife-edge of rationality, denying some instincts to let others live, creating new feelings from the will as they proceed: 'It's a different, non-developing love, like a sad love-affair. There's a whole different set of rules. I mind if she's cold. I don't mind if Hannah runs out without a coat.' Clearly, making this programme was part of their personal atonement, a vivid, voluntary self-pillorying, straight from the heart.

Broadside, C4's woman's-angle programme, had another roll of blood-smeared snapshots for the Falklands Family Album, this time from HMS Sheffield. 'Shut up about the Falklands', Mick Kelly's wife told him after six months of relentless reconstructions. John Strange survived the blast mentally. His 44% burns went straight through his nerves, so there was no pain at first. Do physical wounds help heal mental ones? Pray God we never have to find out the way Strange had to. But this was a film about women and it was Audrey Till who gallantly agreed to be the one whose man didn't come home. 'Mike gave me my confidence and my sense of humour', she told Sarah Kennedy. 'Because I love him I'm going to keep going.'

At such times, ritual is all, though I don't know what right we had to see the Till home movies of the family pilgrimage to the Falklands and the new war memorial covered with chicken wire to hold down the wreaths in the wind that constantly tears at them. Audrey's final plea that her husband's death should become 'Not Just Another Statistic' was the title of this moving short film, which has, in its way, ensured just that for her and her three children: 'I've avoided coming to any firm conclusions about the war, because I don't want them drawn out of me.' Not bad for a girl still living with her tears. Perhaps she has a kind of chance now.

Bill Oddie tried a come-back recently via a weird category-buster called **The Great Bird Race** (C4). With *The Goodies* as warning, I pictured a kind of unfunny Bird Olympics with Oddie as Giant Chick. The truth was another wildlife documentary: 'Two teams of bird watchers race each other to see or hear the largest number of bird species in a twenty-four hour period'. It sounded like the winning entry in a *NS* competition for a minority viewing programme. Hurry music accompanied two teams on land-roves across Norfolk, croissants and strawberry jam for breakfast. 'That's one hour wasted on an obscure duck', lamented a spotter from the mist. The duck was the only person to get a laugh out of this turkey.

Don't misunderstand me, there were shots of birds. They must have been birds, because the teams counted them as points. 'You see that nut-hatch/tree-climber/fly-catcher/swing-wing corn-bunting? [You didn't? Nor did I.] Oh dear, the shrike's being difficult. The shrike's not coming out . . .' No indeed, the shrike was keeping his nose absolutely clean this time, and quite right too. 'The problem isn't seeing a bird', said one team member, mastering his annoyance, 'it's getting the rest of the team

Royal Opera House Covent Garden

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE IS SUBSIDISED BY THE Arts Council OF GREAT BRITAIN

TAVERNER

Peter Maxwell Davies Conductor: Edward Downes

June 29; July 6, 9, 11 at 7.30pm. July 2 at 8.00pm. Tickets £4-£19

"To be recommended equally to those who love opera and to those who never set foot in the opera house. It could dispel a great many misconceptions about opera as a dead art form." *Illustrated London News*

Producer: Michael Geliot Designer: Ralph Koltai

Cast includes: Sarah Walker; James Bowman, John Dobson, Raimund Herincx, Alan Oke, John Tomlinson, Ragnar Ulfung.

01-240 1066/1911 Access and Visa cards welcome.

Special £5 offer

Tickets in advance for students, senior citizens, unemployed claimants and Junior Associates of The Friends of Covent Garden on production of the relevant identification. Subject to availability.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to see it.' For us, the problem wasn't so much understanding the point of speeding up this obscure hobby till it became invisible to the naked eye, as understanding how the end-product found its way on to television, though God knows it's a common enough problem and perhaps there wasn't anywhere else to put it.

A series of the world's worst films is currently being researched for Channel 4. If they're looking for unfunny comedy all they have to do is re-run their own **The Optimist,** a series of silent films made in Hollywood and starring Enn Reitel, a man with that rare quality, absolutely no sense of humour. What Enn does is imitate comedy. It's hypnotic. All the films are the same. A loveable failure tries to do something. Later he falls over, having failed. This may sound funny in cold print, but Enn has a way with him. One can only cringe at what the Americans must have thought about it all, or did they suggest it?

Take last week's romp. Reitel is attempting to make merry with a bicycle-made-for-two, a piece of equipment absolutely guaranteed comedy-proof, even before Enn came near it. The result is a work that could be shown at funerals without upsetting anyone. Picture the eager Enn, funny expression in place: the fact he is alone on the bike is the first major laugh; the second is when he picks up a hitch-hiker and she hits him for dropping her suitcase. Finally he falls over. Repeat this plot-outline for surfing, bronco-busting etc. 'Well, at least there isn't a studio audience for this one', said my wife. How could she be so sure? □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2773 **Set by Will Bellenger**

As reported recently in the press, a contest for the world's worst opening sentence of a novel produced the following winner in the romance section: 'She flung her feverishly disquieted body on to the cool cambric of the Waldorf Astoria bed and knew, oh yes, sobbingly knew, that her love was lost, so irrewinnably lost . . .' (and so on). The spy category's victorious sentence began: 'It came to him in a cocaine rush as he took the Langley exit that if Aldrich had told Filipov about Hancock only Tulfengian could have know that the photograph which Wagner had shown to Maximov on the jolting S-bahn was not the photograph that Kessler had found at the dark, sinister house in Schillerstrasse . . . ' But you can do better, can you not? An opening sentence of up to 100 words in the romance, sci-fi or spy sections, by 17 June, please.

No 2770 **Set by P. Kay**

Cock-eyed arguments to attract unlikely voters.

Report **By Jeff Squiffy**

Not one of the great comps – oh dear me no. But then it's not one of the great elections, is it? I did like Bellenger's neat counterpoint to Harold Wilson's old line that 'Britain only wins the World Cup under a Labour government'. A miserly six quid to him and the other winners; the rest of you lost your deposits.

Listen. Under our government, have you *realised* this, we have won more Oscars than ever before. *More Oscars!* And so I am perfectly certain that all the people who have had to go without food, all those patriotic people who have had to endure such terrible privations on our country's behalf, and who, like all of us, have seen *Gandhi* – they *know* what it is to go without. They have recognised the moral value of hunger, and, do you know, people are grateful. And really, isn't it the Conservative Party that stands for the true hunger strikers – not the Irish, but our own: the hunger strikers of Great Britain.

WILL BELLENGER

The gradual erosion of the National Health Service is not happening by accident. Its planned decline is designed to provide an incentive for people to keep themselves fit. The least healthy in our society should thank the Conservatives for making them pay a price for neglecting their bodies. After all, who, unaided, has the determination and will-power to resist disease if they can have major surgery at the drop of a hat without paying a penny?

V. ERNEST COX

One of this government's major achievements is its removal of the need for the expensive, time-wasting and trivial task of reading novels; perhaps the British addiction to fantasy will not go away but we have at least made fact more fantastic. Publishers can cut wasteful spending and improve efficiency by reducing staff; printers need less capital equipment; saving paper, as conservationists appreciate, is saving trees. Support the truth that is stranger than fiction; vote for the party you can read like a book!

PETER ALEXANDER

You see, it is no accident that our policies make sense to immigrants – from the fourth generation right down to those who were born here. They only have, with respect, to go to a British cinema. Under our government, just look how many films, British films, have been made about India, only in the last few months. *Gandhi. Heat and Dust.* The new James Bond film is partly set in India. The Booker Prize went to an Indian. The Conservatives really have given the immigrants a new culture, and yes, yes, we are proud of it.

GILL BREENLLEW

Solution to Crossword 1401

C	A	M	U	S	■	A	E	R	O	P	L	A	N	E
O	■	E	■	T	■	L	■	A	■	A	■	Y	■	V
L	A	T	E	R	A	L	L	Y	■	G	R	A	C	E
L	■	I	■	E	■	E	■	S	■	E	■	T	■	R
E	X	C	H	A	N	G	E	■	P	A	R	O	D	Y
C	■	■	■	M	■	I	■	D	■	N	■	L	■	■
T	I	C	K	■	T	A	R	A	N	T	E	L	L	A
O	■	O	■	W	■	N	■	R	■	S	■	A	■	S
R	A	M	S	H	A	C	K	L	E	■	C	H	O	P
■	■	P	■	I	■	E	■	I	■	P	■	■	■	A
C	H	U	M	P	S	■	I	N	T	E	R	I	O	R
H	■	T	■	L	■	S	■	G	■	T	■	C	■	A
A	R	E	N	A	■	L	A	T	H	E	R	I	N	G
R	■	R	■	S	■	A	■	O	■	R	■	N	■	U
M	I	S	S	H	A	P	E	N	■	S	A	G	E	S

Prizewinners to 1401
D. Podmore (Solihull)
Gerard Riley (Liverpool)
E. A. P. Ward (Surrey)

FIRST PERSON

Bill Greenwell

A little Liberal

I WONDER how many elections have been won in the playground . . . This is not some trick reference to the counting of votes in school halls, and suspicions of subsequent chicanery out the back. Nor is it the opening salvo in a campaign to extend the age of 'universal' suffrage downwards. No, it's just that my earliest memory of the political argy is of the bargy of break-time in 1959. In that year fell my 'first general election'. For, born as I was in the first of the Thirteen Years of Tory Misrule, the arrival of 1955's affair found me still shin-high to your plumper grasshopper. The skirmish was entirely over my head. But on polling day, 1959, at a time when telling me I'd never had it so good would have meant nothing, since I hadn't enough to compare it with, I was nevertheless aware.

There was I, seven years old, resplendent in red and yellow, the colours of the private day-school I attended. I had drunk my milk. The lingering after-taste of wet straw was with me yet. And a posse of Bigger Boys were beating the daylights, living if lucky, out of one less blessed with tiny bicep than they. I did the decent thing. I watched. From the rear of the mob, occasionally aiming a symbolic toe in the direction of the downtrodden opposition.

I was called curious, even then. I took my considerable temerity in my teeth and enquired what motive lay behind the violence. Ah. Oh, I see. The little squirt, his father had voted Labour. Their fathers had sensibly voted Conservertive. I did not entirely understand, but it seemed, in the fray's heat, reasonably argued. Certainly I was too young to appreciate the mild irony of the sufferer's surname – Chamberlain.

IT WAS high time, surely, for my Political Education. The mist of time is the mist of the bathroom, where I sought enlightenment from my mother. What was a Labour? What was a Conservertive?

I fancy the air was true-blue. My mother did not correct my spelling, since she had not then learned to read my mind, but she set the rest of the record straight. The general message was that a Labour was something low, loathsome; if there was a pale beyond which it might be glimpsed, all eyes should be instantly averted. The Conservertives, meanwhile, were good, if not better, and certainly best. In this fashion, Mr Harold Macmillan trounced the man Gaitskell with my silent approbation.

Pass on to 1964, pausing only in '63 to establish the social ambience of my new

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

school, at which I either boarded or was boarded, according to your active or passive mood. In that year a television journalist called Ian Trethowan, brother-in-law to the deputy headmaster, and ear to the political throne, paid us a visit. He told a fellow-pupil there was no chance his uncle would become Prime Minister. There was some jolly laughter at the expense of the lad, whose name was Douglas-Home.

But 1964 arrived, smiling on the other side of its face, and my political allegiances had taken a nasty turn. Determined to be different, I nailed my colours to the Liberals, and wrote an essay in praise of their Mr Crimond, whose tune we so frequently sang in the school chapel. My prose was suitably commended, the necessary adjustments to my spelling indicated in the margin, and a jest appended by my teacher to the effect that Free Trade was 'not much of an issue any more, I'm afraid!'

My crest did not fall. When the day of electoral judgment arrived, or rather the morning after did, the school, or some senior portion of it, was debouched in front of a flickering telly after breakfast. I was not especially alive to what was taking place; probably I was digesting the news of Krushchev's fall, cleverclogs that I was, but the pedagogues seemed decidedly shirty. I remember I was watching for what happened to Mark Bonham-Carter, ask me not why, and, whether he won or no, I raised some doughty cry when his name duly appeared on the screen. Try calling 'Up the Liberals!' in hot, piping treble, and you get the general gist.

This innocent clarion for a cause utterly vanquished – six seats, I think – brought the rage of my superiors rousingly down on my head. What had once been a jest was now treated as treason.

In the following months, new faces filled the pages of the daily papers. As library prefect, I had an early whack at the *Telegraph*, and followed the thrust of technology forward. My political education continued, largely via the music teacher. He, I suspect, was a step to the left of the other staff. We had a deal with him that, if we listened to his Beethoven, he'd listen to our own choice. Since for three years this was Doug Sheldon singing 'I Saw Linda Yesterday', he had a rough time. But his chief tactical error was letting us play ours first. We then obliged by sniggering through his symphony, and received in return a lecture laced with little insights into what privileges we abused.

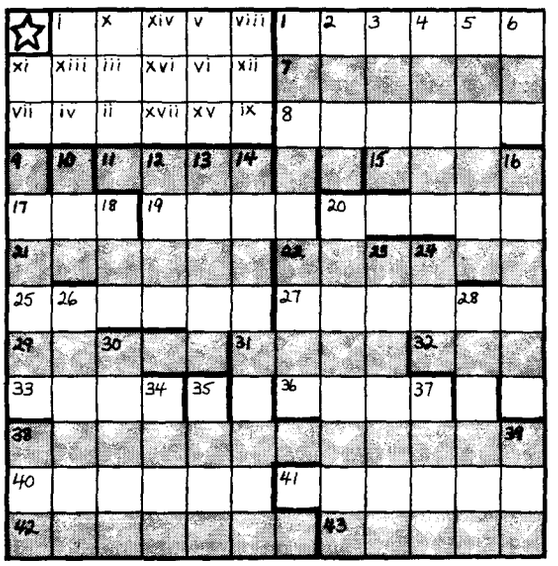
Yes, it may have been him that shifted me across the spectrum, although I still think the playground punch-up played the more important part. At any rate, I found myself loitering in the summer of 1965 by some railings, not far from the cricket pavilion. I remember it clearly. My mind had been mulching especially furiously, and suddenly I was ambushed by an unanswerable, inevitable question. *What was it, exactly, that was so wrong with Harold Wilson?*

Well, you have to start somewhere. □

Salamanca '69

'Stars & Stripes'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 69, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 28 June.



Three theme words A, B, C do not appear in the diagram but two unclued 'variations' on each must be entered. Across answers in shaded lines read from right to left. Seventeen answers must lose a letter as many times as it occurs in the word, and their clues contain subsidiary hints to the mutilated versions. The 17 letters omitted form an anagram of the four-word statement to appear in the top box (numbered for convenience in order of clues) and unchecked letters in the grid make THE TRUE US RIDER.

Name_____

Address_____

_____

_____

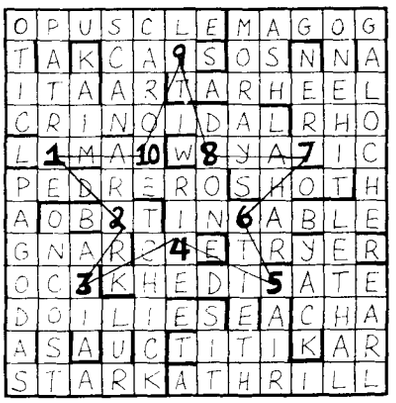
ACROSS

1 Variation C (6)
7 Go and make good (6)
8 Stick one's found in hillside (6)
11 Here you'll find the water that's gone off? (4)
15 Bird that's catching the worm, you say, shortly? (4)
17 You'll get by without one in one-handed bridge? (3)
19 Knocking sound at rear of car – one needs this organisation? (7)
20 Examine a round coin from the past (6)
21 US wandering in arid ground – what they left there? (7)
22 US fellows burying end of banner, I see (8)
25 Intense gym lessons for chemistry class? That's the general idea (7)
27 These foreigners sign name hard and awkwardly (9)
29 IUPAC mineral turning Red (6)
31 Hebrew measure not so long ago found in Church (5)
32 Excellent one for looking after children (3)
33 One of some to Nagasaki's left (4)
36 Variation A (4)
38 Base created when one 'bird' landed in shot and released one from inside (12)
40 This might be involved in making up essoin? (6)
41 Red society ones taking over place here (6)
42 Landed estate, an embarrassment mostly when situated in a vale (7)
43 Cease being awkward for ages (7)

DOWN

1 Variation C (9)
2 Variation A (4)
3 He'll get velocity out of a hammer? (4)
4 Are phosphorus and 29 mixed for such 29 compounds? (6)
5 Inferior priest on the wing rising quickly (6)
6 Tangle in fishing equipment (5)
9 Plants which get a price that's high (7)
10 Place that's posh (4)
12 A fine raised shiny fabric (4)
13 Variation B (5)
14 Famous sight – here is art of rare sort? (9)
16 A sort of Telstar? (It's taken over energy of another orbiting body) (6)
18 Like thatch obtained from River Dee, any quantity thereof (6)
20 Squitch for mowing around bottom of garden? What methods are required? (10)
23 Pleasant smell that's strong, see, for time (7)
24 Feature of the Silurian? (3)
26 Home of operations 'stationed' in London but with a different head? (7)
28 This oxide's no *big* name (it's mostly deep in colour) (6)
30 Variation B (5)
34 Tanner according to (other) friends? (4)
35 Crafty diet (4)
37 Organisation behind operation, say – one which goes up? (4)
38 If answer = 1,
then, $\frac{\text{energy} - \text{work}}{1}$ = force? (4)
39 To Scots it's a digit too (3)

Solution to Salamanca 68



Parts of answers to definition clues are numbers (not always English) and are symbolised thus, then joined to produce a star (for good work!): caNINEs, IImaX, wEIGHTy, aSEPTic, obIIt, inVIable, cIVe, ocTROIS, khediVate, patrONEe, caroTENe, IIXt, nerVII, dEIGHTon, arTWOrk, riVIERe, SIXtieth, aTRESia, FUNFair.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 68

Mrs M. A. Eacott (London SW16)
John C. Hutchison (Rothesay)
Mrs Lilian Williams (Anglesey)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone: 01-251 5487
Deadline for ads – Normally noon Tuesdays for publication on Fridays

Rates **Lineage:** for private 'Lonely Hearts' ads under Personal – £1.60 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.20).
For all other classifications – £1.70 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.40).
First two words automatically bold, further bold words cost 30p each.
Box number service – U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: £7.30 per single column centimetre (min. 3 s.c.c. – £21.90). **Special rate for charities – £6.30 per s.c.c.** (min. 3 s.c.c. £18.90).
Generous discounts for a series of ads are available. Ring for a quotation

All private ads must be prepaid. Post to: CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.
Telex – 28499.
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. ... at the above address

Appointments

TRADE UNION CND

The Trade Union Specialist section of CND requires a full-time worker, initially on a one year contract. The post is to develop links with Trade Unions and their members at national and local levels and to maintain liaison at all levels within CND.

Organisational and administrative skills are necessary. Although based in London (Walthamstow), extensive travel will be required.

Please send a curriculum vitae and letter of application to:

Joan Jenkins, CND
11 Goodwin Street, London N4 3HQ
Before 8 July

Salary **£7,200**, including London Allowances

CND is an Equal Opportunity Employer

Community Projects Foundation

ISLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT AGENCY

Funded by the Community Projects Foundation and the London Borough of Islington.

Over the first year of its life this Agency has successfully increased the availability of jobs in the borough, promoted awareness of co-operatives and provided assistance to potential and existing co-operatives.

CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT WORKER
£10,428 p.a.-
£11,039 p.a.

Applicants should be familiar with worker co-operatives and have had significant experience in Community development or possess business skills.

Further details and an application form available from:
Personnel Officer
Community Projects Foundation
60 Highbury Grove, London N5 2AG
Tel: 01-226 5375

Closing date: 1 July 1983

EARLY ADVERTISEMENT DEADLINES
10 JUNE ISSUE
This issue will be published one day earlier than usual. Classified Ads must be with us by **NOON** on **MONDAY 6 JUNE.**

Methodist Church Overseas Division

SECRETARY

Good secretarial skills in English and French. Interesting position for someone with concern for work of the Church in Africa.

Part-time considered.
London office.

Apply: Jean Palk
25 Marylebone Road
London NW1 5JR

Tel: 01-935 2541

RECREATION, CULTURE AND HEALTH DEPARTMENT

MUSEUMS OFFICER

Post Ref. R37A **Grade PO1A**
Salary £9,504-£10,563

Applicants for this senior post should be graduates, preferably trained in Museology and Curatorial disciplines, and in possession of the Museums Association Diploma.

The post will be based at the Cultural Activities Centre, Sheffield and will have responsibility for the day-to-day management of the County's Museum and Art Gallery Service including the Cooper Gallery, Worsbrough Mill Museum, Mobile Museums, Extension Service and Museum Service Development.

Previous applicants need not apply. Closing date for applications will be June 22, 1983.

Please write for an application form, quoting the post reference, to the Chief Executive (Personnel), South Yorkshire County Council, County Hall, Barnsley S70 2TN or telephone Barnsley (0226) 86141, ext. 266.

South Yorkshire County Council is an Equal Opportunities Employer.

South Yorkshire County Council

SETTING THE PACE

---

amnesty international

requires an

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

in the Middle East Research Department at the International Secretariat in London.

The Executive Assistant assists the Researcher and works with Amnesty International's adoption groups and membership, providing information on human rights issues in the Middle East.

Background knowledge of the Middle East (including North Africa), ability to type, good Arabic and English essential; French desirable.

Salary £7,834 per annum (index-linked).

For a detailed job specification and application form send a large sae to the Personnel Department.

Amnesty International, 10 Southampton Street, London WC2E 7HF or ring 01-836 7788, Ext. 289.

Closing date for the return of completed application forms: 27 June, 1983.

THAMESDOWN (SWINDON) & DISTRICT COUNCIL FOR RACIAL EQUALITY

RACISM AWARENESS TRAINER

AP4-SO1 (£7,545-£9,231)

Applications are invited from people, probably in their late 20s and upwards, interested in developing a new field of work in **Racism Awareness** and related issues. The post-holder will be involved in running courses and working to sensitise key groups in statutory and non-statutory bodies to the need to eliminate racism and its effects. The person appointed will have proven communication skills and a familiarity with the techniques of attitude change. Preference will be given to applicants with some experience in this, or similar, areas of work. This is a five-year Urban-Aided post.

Application forms from:

Thamesdown & District Council for Racial Equality, Faringdon House, 1 Faringdon Road, Swindon, Wilts. Tel: 0793 28545.

Closing date: 27 June.

Secretarial

QUALITY typing. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BANKING, INSURANCE AND FINANCE UNION

Applications are invited for the position of

NEGOTIATING OFFICER of the UNION

The duties will involve negotiations with employers, and experience in negotiations is desirable, together with a knowledge of, and commitment to, Trade Unionism.

In the first instance, the position is with the Technical and Services Section of the Union, but the position will be reviewed after an initial two-year period.

This permanent and pensionable position is based at Wimbledon. The commencing salary is **£12,053** *per annum (inclusive of London Allowance).* A motor car will be provided.

Application forms are available at Union Headquarters and completed forms must be returned by 22 June, 1983, to:
BIFU Headquarters, Sheffield House, 17 Hillside, Wimbledon, London SW19 4NJ

UNA International Service

UPPER VOLTA & MADAGASCAR

Field Officers to develop and administer programmes, evaluate projects and place skilled personnel in them. Experience of administration and the Third World/Africa and good French needed. Two-year contracts with basic salary plus costs incl. annual return trips:

Details from UNAIS
3 Whitehall Court
London SW1, quoting NS/3

OXFAM

Applications invited for qualified persons with appropriate overseas development experience for two posts:

FIELD DIRECTOR for Indonesia

Four-year contract from September 1983 to continue support of development programme in selected areas of Indonesia. Based in Semarang.

FIELD DIRECTOR for Sudan

Two-year contract to open new OXFAM office as soon as possible to cover Northern Provinces initially. Based in Khartoum.

Knowledge of areas and languages desirable. Similar posts in other areas occasionally are available. Qualifications and overseas experience in micro level agriculture, anthropology, community health, water engineering, etc., often an advantage.

Application form and further information from: Overseas Personnel Officer, OXFAM, 274 Banbury Road, Oxford OX2 7DZ.

Services

EXPERIENCED EDITOR (specialising social sciences, French) will sub-edit, cut, index books, articles, theses. Reasonable rates. Can meet London. Contact: Jane Mayhew, 44 Eltisley Avenue, Cambridge CB3 9JQ. Tel: (0223) 313455.

PAINTING, DECORATING, Tiling. Clean professional work, at reasonable rates. 01-740 8858 day-/eve.

Fellowship

ARTS COUNCIL OF GREAT BRITAIN

WRITER'S FELLOWSHIP

1983-84

NAB WOOD GRAMMAR SCHOOL
(13-18 Mixed Comprehensive)
Cottingley New Road, Bingley
West Yorkshire BD16 1TZ

Invites applications from published writers of fiction, poetry and non-fiction for a one-year Fellowship

Remuneration £7,750

Closing date June 20, 1983

s.a.e. for further details to Headmaster

Publications

APOLOGIES TO Tamil Action Committee. Last week Tamil Eel should have read Tamil Eelam.

EASTERN EUROPE catalogues available. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, TW2 5AH.

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT. Also review copies. Politics, History, Sociology. ECONOMISTS BOOKSHOP, Secondhand Dept. Ring for appointment, 01-405 8643.

RADICAL SCOTLAND, Scotland's leading political magazine, bi-monthly. June/July issue contains election supplement. Available now, 60p. Annual subscription £5, from 1 *Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh* EH8 9LW.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

Singhalese Terrorism in Tamil Eelam
SRI LANKA
tries to cover-up
RIOT/ORGY
on Tea Plantation
Posters 75p each
Cash with order from
Tamil Action Committee
73 Green Lane, New Eltham
London, SE9

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

Accom. Vacant

TWO ROOMS and breakfast in quiet Holland Park mews house, £57 p.w., for American academic perhaps. 01-727 7521.

Personal

ANALYTISCH ORIENTIERTE PSYCHOTHERAPIE von Deutscher in London niedergelassener Therapeutin. 01-888 0693.

ANXIOUS ABOUT privacy? Mail received, personal or business, with total confidentiality. £1.50 p.w. 'Answer & Receive', 21 Kensington Park Road, London W11. 01-229 1888 (you can collect, or we can readdress by arrangement).

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

AUTHORS INVITED submit MSS all types (including poems) for book publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell Ltd, Ilfracombe, Devon (est. 1898).

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £45 p.w. 172 *New Kent Rd, London* SE1. 01-703 4175.

Women's Peace Marches 1920s/30s

SUE HONEYFORD would like to hear, as soon as possible, from any women who were involved in:

THE WOMEN'S PEACE MARCHES in the 1920s/30s

Please ring or write:

Documentary Department
Central Independent Television plc
Central House, Broad Street
Birmingham B1 2JP

Tel: 021-643 9898 ext. 4546

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage, All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

FRANCAISE, 39, professeur d'allemand en Lycée, habitant Lille, brune, cheveux longs, désire rencontrer Universitaire anglais 35 a 45 ans, pour découvrir ensemble le Royaume-Uni et la France-et partager sa vie. Box 6012.

FREE TRAVEL to Greece in large car, but own ferry fares. 2/3 persons (not excluding children), late June/early July, offered by educated man. Reply indicating educational/professional background. Box 6039.

GENTLE WIDOWER (48), educated, professional, non-smoker, would like to explore relationship with lady, contemporaneous or younger. Aberdeen area. Box 6062.

HETEROSEXUAL MALE, tall, slim, solvent, central London, age 46, seeks relationship/marriage. Box 6038.

ISOLATED HOMOSEXUAL women read Sequel Magazine. Reply: B/M Sequel, London WC1N 3XX.

LONELY? Why not join London's Friendliest Singles Club, making new friends of all ages? City Circle. 01-914 2098 (9 a.m.-6 p.m.).

MANCHESTER BASED male academic, 50s, divorced, seeks unattached, non-smoking female companion. Interests theatre, cinema, the country. Box 6061.

PHILOSOPHER, MATURE student, poet (published), non-smoker, seeks single tall lady, educated, no children, non-smoker, Christian, feminine dresser, in SE England, 25-52 (marriage). Box 6037.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

SCANDINAVIA'S LEADING correspondence magazine read in 100 countries, £2.50. Penfriends (NS), 45 Sandringham Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 3RZ.

TALL MALE, socialist (32), South London, seeks female for friendship, marriage. Box 6043.

THE TYRO (18-30) Club. If you're interested in making new friends and enjoying an active social life, join our new, exciting Singles Club. 01-914 2098.

WARM MIDDLE-CLASS Guyanese woman seeks man over 45 of British/European culture. Box 6060.

29-YEAR-OLD, doctorate, university lecturer, Oxbridge background, needs lady, purpose marriage. Box 6042.

Meetings

PROFESSOR DOUGLAS HAY will give the Twelfth Chorley Lecture on Wednesday, 8 June at 5.30 p.m. in the Founders' Room, London School of Economics. He will speak on 'The Criminal Prosecution of England and its Historians'. Admission free without ticket.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE. Sunday talks on eastern thought and spirituality in London and Bourne End. All welcome. Vedanta magazine 50p. Details: Tel. 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 5 June, 8 p.m. "Man's Latent Powers". ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

WAR THRIVES on greed motive in Economics. International Sharing w/end 17/19 June: Discussions/Explanations. Medhope, Tintern. Tel: (0291 8) 253 Gwent. Brochure.

German Historical Institute, London
Tuesday, 7 June
Prof. Dr. Klaus Muller
(Dusseldorf)
The Rhineland and the French Revolution
17 Bloomsbury Square
London WC1A 2LP
Tea from 4.30 p.m.
Seminar starts at 5 p.m.

Holidays/Travel

AFRICAN FLIGHTS. Jo'burg, Nairobi, Harare, Dar, Lagos, Dakar, Cairo and all Africa. Key Travel, 333 Grays Inn Road, London WC1. Tel: 01-837 7611.

CHIANTI. Simple farmhouse, sleeps 4/6. £50 per week until mid July, after mid-September. 01-607 5200.

HOSPITALITY & COMFORT Welsh Hills. Dinner, B&B, £60 p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, Gwynedd LL27 0QA. Tel: (0492) 640 566.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 10 Barleymow Passage, London W4. 01-747 3108.

GDR Holidays
(East Germany)
BUCKOW on the Schermutzelsee
4-18 August or 18 August-1 September £245
HOHNSTEIN, south-east of Dresden
14-28 August £238
Prices include flights, full board, some excursions, guide/interpreter
PROGRESSIVE TOURS
12 Porchester Place
London W2 2BS
Tel: 01-262 1676

KIEV by train £170
MOSCOW by train £180
30 July-9 August & 13-23 August
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

YUGOSLAV RIVIERA (RAB) 15-27 June £145,
27 Sept-9 Oct. . .£160
INCLUDES full board and sight-seeing programme
BERLIN, DRESDEN & LEIPZIG 19-26 June £90
includes full board and programme
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

ZAKOPANE & KRAKOW, 31 July-10 August.....£180
Superb scenery in the TATRA MOUNTAINS
FULL BOARD AT HOTEL
INCLUDES fine sightseeing programme
REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF FOUR
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CND IS HERE TO STAY!

NATIONAL CND RALLY

Wembley Conference Centre
Sunday 12 June. Doors open 12.30pm
Rally 1.30pm

TOGETHER
WE *WILL* STOP THE BOMB

Tickets £3 from 'June 12th Rally', 11 Goodwin St., London N4
Limited number on sale at door

THEATRE

BLOOMSBURY 01-387 9629
Gordon Street WC1
GROUPO CORPO
Brazil's celebrated Dance company
MARIA MARIA
Until 4 June

COMEDY 930 2578
STEAMING
from Theatre Royal, Stratford
Nell Dunn's first stage play
"laughter, hard truth and compassion" Sun. Times
voted Comedy of the Year '81 (SWET)
Seats £2.50-£6.50

Join our **FREE** mailing list. Send sae to Dept NS, **THEATRE DESPATCH**, 31 Shelton St., WC2H 9HT

Theatres

APOLLO VICTORIA. HOT LINES 01-828 8665, 01 834 0253, 01-834 6177. All credit cards accepted. Evgs 8 p.m. (no perf. Mon.). Last 3 perfs.
LIZA MINNELLI
Opens 9 June at 7.30 p.m. for 10 perfs. 10-19 June evgs at 8 p.m. (no perf. 13 June).
DEAN MARTIN
+ WALL STREET CRASH
TOPOL
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
Opens 28 June for 96 perfs only. Red price prevs 24, 25, 27 June.

BARBICAN THEATRE. 01-628 8795, cc 01-638 8891, 24 hour info. 01-628 2295. Few day seats £4 from 10 a.m.
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
Seats avail. 'THE TAMING OF THE SHREW' 3-4, 13-14 June & 6-7 July (final 8 perfs) "the sort of show that appeals more to audiences than to critics" N. Statesman. Seats avail. 'THE ROARING GIRL' Jacobean comedy by Middleton & Dekker 6-7, 24-25 June "Helen Mirren's wonderfully starry turn" Punch. 'KING LEAR' next perf. with seats avail 17-23 June. THE PIT – few seats avail. 'THE BODY' by Nick Darke 6-7, 24-25 June "a very powerful play about our perception of the dumb" Kaleidoscope.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'The Rivals', 'Guys and Dolls'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'The Trojan War Will Not Take Place', 'Inner Voices'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Beggar's Opera'. 'Macbeth'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE EC1 01-278 8916 (5 lines) cc groups 01-379 6061. **THE WELLS STAGECOACH** before and after show bus service, phone BO for details.
Ample free parking after 6.30 pm.
3 and 4 June, 7.30 pm **LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE** – **Dances of Love and Death** 7-11 June, 7.30 pm, Sat mat 2.30pm.
BALLET GULBENKIAN from Portugal. See d press for prog details.

THEATRE GOERS please note: cc – Credit cards; S – Student standby.

GLC PEACE YEAR 1983 THEATRE CENTRE
– a multi-racial company presents
NINETEEN EIGHTY-THREE
by David Holman
– a play about Cruise missiles
Until Saturday, 4 June, 8 p.m.
Jackson Lane Community Centre
Archway Road, N6
Box Office: 01-340 5226
Tickets: Non-members £2.30, members £2, UB40 £1.40, senior citizens 50p
Tuesday, 7 June-Saturday, 11 June
8 p.m.
ICA Theatre, The Mall, SW1
Box Office: 01-930 3647
Tickets: £3.25
GLC 266
Working for London and Peace

Courses

Centre for Energy Studies
MSc. ENERGY RESOURCES MANAGEMENT
Part-time, commencing September 1983
This is a two year part-time course (one day per week) plus a preliminary term of balancing courses, leading to an MSc or Postgraduate Diploma. The course explores the complexities of energy use and decision making in an interdisciplinary framework.
Further details available from:
Colin Sweet, Centre for Energy Studies (Ref. NSt.), Polytechnic of the South Bank, Borough Road, London SE1 0AA. Tel: 01-928 8989.
POLYTECHNIC OF THE SOUTH BANK

WATERSHED
BRISTOL UNIVERSITY EXTRA MURAL STUDIES DEPT
Film Summer School
Sunday 24 July – Friday 29 July 1983
Bristol's first ever summer school in film and film studies will combine screenings, seminars and lectures in an attempt to clarify theories of film and television and their impact on current film practice. Fully residential, the week will be based at Bristol's unique media centre, WATERSHED, and will offer accommodation in a University Hall of Residence.
FEE. Fully residential £95. Non-residential £40.
FURTHER DETAILS
Dr. E. Bird
University of Bristol
32 Tyndalls Park Rd.
Bristol BS8 1ER.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE
Offers summer study programmes in a most attractive Florentine setting. There are Italian language courses at all levels, Italian Renaissance lecture courses and Drawing courses. Splendid library and premises in central Florence. Accommodation arranged if required.
Prospectus and full details from:
David Rundle, The Director
British Institute
Lungarno Guicciardini 9, FLORENCE
Tel: 010-39 55 284 031

Removals

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap and reliable
All sizes
01-603 2865
27 Royal Crescent Mews
London W11

LISTINGS

FRI 3 JUNE

CHALFONT ST GILES Forum 'Nuclear Weapons – What does your church think?' 7.45pm, Jordans Meeting House. **Org S. Chiltern Peace Group. Details: Chalfont St Giles 5538.**

NORTHAMPTON Arts Centre. 'Change the world it needs it – Study weekend on Berthold Brecht. Starts 7pm. **Details: Northampton College of Further Education 0604 403322.**

LONDON 'National Minorities in SW China'. Talk and film by Japanese anthropologist Dr Shigeham Tanabe. 7-9pm St Pancras Church House, Lancing St., NW1. 50p membs/£1 non-membs. **Details: SACU 01-485 8236.**

SAT 4 JUNE

LEICESTER Conf. on 'Active Birth' at Moat Community College. Top spkrs with local mothers, fathers, midwives etc. Video of French clinic of Dr Michel Odent followed by discn. **Details: Janet Peacock 0533 766439.**

MANCHESTER 'Keep Manchester Nuclear-Free. Stop Cruise in '83'. Albert Square rally. Spkrs incl E. P Thompson, Pat Arrowsmith, Illtyd Harrington. Street theatre in city centre. **Org Greater Manchester CND and Manchester City Council. Details: Bob Walder 061-431 4337.**

WOLVERHAMPTON 'A Voice of our Own' – philosophy and aims of British Council of Orgs. of Disabled People (BCODP). Day conf. arranged by and for disabled people. **Booking/-details: Francine White 0902-761056.**

LONDON Free Open Air Festival for Jobs, 12.30-8pm, Meanwhile Gdns (Elkstone Rd), W9. **Org. Save Westminster's Services, Details: Andy Gregg 01-296 0679.**

CROYDON Sat. am Children's Theatre, 11am Judy & Punch. Adm adults £1.30, children 70p, temp membs 10p, 62 Dingwall Road. **Org Croydon Warehouse Theatre. Details: 01-680 4060.**

NOTTINGHAM Joan Ruddock, Chair of CND speaks, 7.30pm, Rainbow Rooms, Co-op Education Centre, Heathwat Street.

RUGBY Bruce Kent, Secretary of CND speaks at Church House, North Street, 4.00-6.30pm, followed by meeting with Tory, Labour & SNP candidates, Central Methodist Hall, 8pm.

LONDON Day to highlight Filipino life & culture with bookstalls, food, handicrafts, audio-visuals and discns. 10.30-1pm. Adm free; 1.30-7pm Adm £1. Holborn Central Library, Theobalds Road, WC1. **Org. Commission for Filipino Migrant Workers & Philippines Support Group. Details: 01-221 0356.**

SUN 5 JUNE

LONDON TUC Rally to greet People's March for Jobs. Gather Battersea Park 12 noon. March to Hyde Park. Rally Hyde Park 1pm. Spkrs incl Joan Ruddock, Michael Foot.

LONDON 'Labour's policy on immigration & nationality'. Spkrs: Ian Mikardo, Ian Martin, Habib Rahman. 7pm Berner Club, Ponler Street, E1 (off Cannon Street Road). **Org Tower Hamlets Fabian Society.**

MON 6 JUNE

LONDON 'The English Revolution and Ireland.' Spkr Christopher Hill, 7.30pm Black Horse, Rathbone Place, W1. Adm free. **Org. History Workshop London Seminar.**

TUES 7 JUNE

LONDON 'In Conversation' with David Caute and Shiva Naipaul. Discn: 'What distinguishes a writer's approach to fact and to fiction'. 1-2.15pm ICA, The Mall, SW1. Adm £1.40. Day pass 50p. **Details: 01-930 3647.**

BATTERSEA 'Defended to Death?' – issues in Nuclear Armament and Disarmament. Course. org Battersea CND. Tonight: 'Alternatives to Arms Production'. 7.30-9.30pm Junction Resource Centre, 248 Lavender Hill, SW11. **Details: Harry Zutshi 01-675 1913.**

WANDSWORTH 'Springfield Hospital in the 1990s.' Public Meeting, 7.30pm Penfold Centre, 1 Neville Gill Close, SW18 (rear of Arndale Centre). Adm free. **Org. Wandsworth Assoc. of Mental Health.**

LONDON 'Beyond the status illusion' – 3rd Hertha Orgler Memorial Lecture by James Hemming PhD. 8pm The Community Rooms, 36-50 Millman St., WC1. **Org. Adlerian Society of Gt Britain. Details: 01-789 8086.**

NB: APOLOGIES to Adlerian Soc. Weekend Workshop at St Hilda's College, Oxford wrongly listed as 9 June. 'Life Tasks for 1984 – Personal choices and decisions' **9-11 Sept. Details: 01-789 8086.**

WED 8 JUNE

LONDON 'Thrills and Chills – Pleasure and Popular Culture'. Spkrs Colin Mercer of Open University, film maker Laura Mulvey and crime writer and critic, H. R. F. Keating. 7.30pm Seminar Rm, ICA, The Mall, SW1. Tickets bookable in advance. Adm £1.40 plus 50p day pass. **01-930 3647.**

LONDON 'Just Defence' – defence should be effective, provocative, non-nuclear and legitimate. Spkr Stan Windass. Second in a series of summer talks on Wed. eves. 6.30pm, St James's Church, 197 Piccadilly, W1. **Org. DUNAMIS. Details: Nigel Pearce 01-437 5851.**

LONDON 'Pembridge Poets'. Gavin Ewart, 8pm The Kensington Bookshop, 140 Church St, W8. Adm. £1 at door. **Org. London Poetry Secretariat/Kensington and Chelsea Arts Council.**

HAMPSTEAD 'Election Eve Special – night of poetry and music' with Adrian Mitchell, Carol Ann Duffy and others. 8pm Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Rosslyn Hill, NW3. **Org. Kentish Town CND.**

THURS 9 JUNE

GENERAL ELECTION – VOTE EARLY! VOTE LABOUR!

LONDON 'The Prison system: new perspectives'. Course of 6 evg sessions. Tutor: Maureen Waugh, 7.45-9.15pm, Mary Ward Centre, 42 Queen Sq., WC1. £3.50 ILEA res/£5.00 out of county, concessions unemployed. **Details: 01-831 7711.**

FORTHCOMING

10 JUNE Paris International presence wanted to mark NATO ministers' meeting. **Details: END 01-272 1236.**

11-12 JUNE Leamington Peace Festival

11 JUNE Nottingham Association of Radical Midwives 1983 Conference at Albert Hall Institute. Fee £8 incl lunch/creche. **Details and registration: Belinda Ackerman 01-272 1608 day/01-348 0264 evgs.**

14 JUNE London 'Higher Education and the Community'. Spkr William Stubbs, Education Officer, ILEA. Room 227, Dept. of Environmental Design, Poly. of North London, 5pm. Adm. free. **Details: Local Project Unit 01-607 2789, ext. 2451.**

15 JUNE London 'The psychology of conservatism, past and present'. Spkr Raphael Samuel, 7.30pm Freemasons Arms, 81 Long Acre, WC2. **Org. Socialist Society 01-734 8501.**

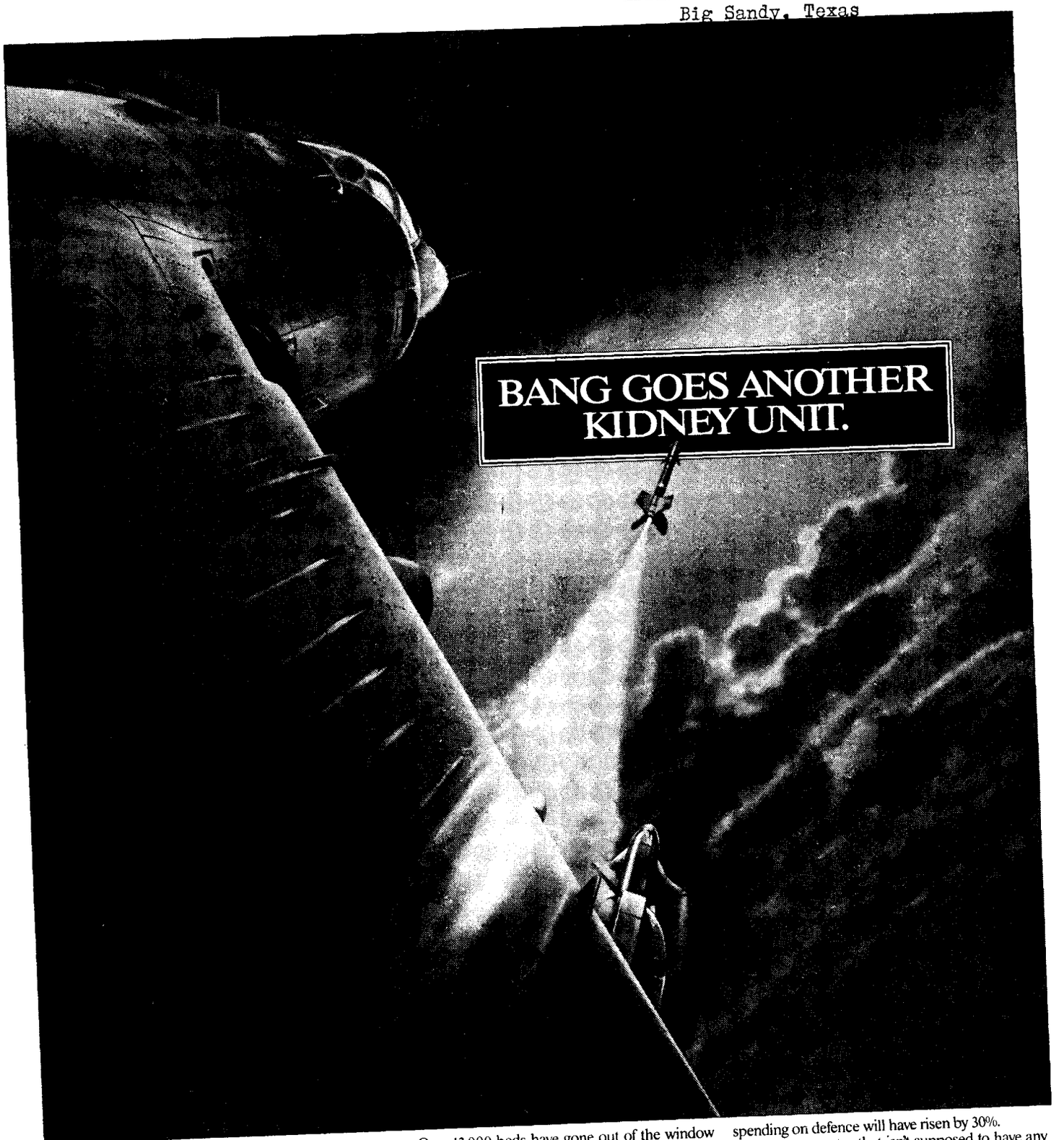
16 JUNE London Carol Rumens will be reading from 'Star Whisper' in Arts Council Shop at 1pm. Adm. free, 8 Long Acre, Covent Garden, WC2. **Org. Poetry Book Society.**

17 JUNE London Troops Out Movement SuperCombo (African high-life music from Sierra Leone) at Chat's Palace, 42/44 Brooksby's Walk, Homerton, E9. Bar/bookstall/displays. Adm. £2.50/£1.50 unwaged. **Benefit in aid of East London branch of T.O.M.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



A kidney unit costs about £15,000. They won't say what an air-to-air missile costs. But a simple anti-tank missile is about £7,000.

And it's not just kidney units that are going up in smoke.

The Government spends nearly eight times as much on defence research as medical research.

And that's the least of your worries.

Newly built hospitals are keeping wards shut because the Government won't give them enough money to run properly.

Since 1979 Government policies have forced 90 hospitals to close down.

Over 13,000 beds have gone out of the window since 1979. Common sense will tell you there aren't 13,000 fewer sick people.

If everyone who's waiting for an operation were to stand in one long queue, it would stretch for close on 200 miles.

But none of this really has to happen.

This Government claims we haven't got any more money to increase spending on the health service.

Want to know the real truth?

It just isn't high enough on their list to warrant the extra cash that's needed.

Defence is. And that is why from 1981 to 1984 spending on defence will have risen by 30%.

For a country that isn't supposed to have any money, don't you think it's amazing what we're spending it on?

PUT PEOPLE FIRST.

IF THIS GETS YOUR VOTE MAKE SURE YOU USE IT.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS SPONSORED BY NALGO, THE PUBLIC SERVICE UNION.

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED